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MARCH 13, 1925

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FAME AND FORTUNE

Stories of **WEEKLY.** Who make MONEY.
BOYS

A HARVEST OF GOLD; OR, THE BURIED TREASURE OF CORAL ISLAND.

By A SELF MADE MAN.
AND OTHER STORIES



Paul and Andy advanced upon the motionless figure. "Great Scott!" exclaimed Prescott, when he got close enough to look the gruesome object squarely in the face. "It's a skeleton!"

"A skeleton!" palpitated Andy, turning pale. "Oh lor', so it is!"

Read Page 24 for Radio News and Hints.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1925

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A HARVEST OF GOLD

OR, THE BURIED TREASURE OF CORAL ISLAND

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Death Bell.

Boom!—Boom!—Boom! The sombre note of a deep-toned bell, thrice repeated, at intervals of exactly fifteen seconds, smote upon the blustering night air, and the dull sound, caught by the wind, was borne for a mile along the winding country road to the ears of three persons in a light wagon, two of whom were boys, that was rattling along at a rapid rate in the direction whence the bell note had come.

"What's that, John?" asked the elder of the two boys—a fine, handsome young fellow, of athletic build, known for many miles around in that neighborhood as Paul Prescott, the only son and heir of George Prescott, a retired merchant, of Prescott's Roost, West Newbury, Mass.

The old man, he was all of eighty, but hale and strong for his age, who drove the team of bays, shook his head solemnly, while a shiver ran through his frame, and a look of sadness gathered upon his countenance. He recognized in it the death-knell of Mr. Prescott, the father of the lad who had just spoken, and he believed, as firmly as the lad who had just spoken in his ear, that the boy in question was now an orphan. There was a mystery about that bell that no one had ever been able to fathom.

It hung in a small, weather-scarred belfry above the roof of Prescott's Roost, between the twin, ivy-clad stone towers that formed a picturesque effect to the front of the house facing the road. That section of the building was said to be over 200 years old, and had a history. When Mr. Prescott came into possession of the property, all but the front part of the ancient structure was in a state of ruin and decay. It was surrounded by fifty acres of land, and he got it at a bargain. Instead of razing the whole of the old building, the new owner rebuilt it on its former lines, leaving the original front as it was, for the romantic aspect of the ivy-covered towers and castellated entrance appealed to his artistic eye. The crumbling bell-tower, with its solid-looking iron bell, so rusted to its fastenings that no two men could stir it from its perpendicular position, was permitted to remain.

There was a legend in the neighborhood that when the former owners of the house died, one

by one, the old bell rang out three times at the moment each breathed their last. No natural cause could be assigned to so singular a coincidence, hence from that time the mystery that hung about the bell tower deepened, and the conviction was widespread among those of a superstitious turn of mind that the bell would surely ring when another member of the family died.

One summer evening at dusk, about three months later, the bell boomed out its three solemn notes once more. It was heard two miles away, for the night was still, and gave rise to much speculation as to whether Mr. Prescott or his son Paul, neither of whom was known to be ill, had died suddenly from some unexpected cause.

A letter received a week later by Mr. Prescott, however, conveyed the intelligence of his only sister's death at the very hour that the bell had spoken, and that confirmed the gruesome record of the mysterious bell.

A week before our story opens, Mr. Prescott had been taken seriously ill. At the time, his son Paul was away from home at a boarding-school in the suburbs of Gloucester. Faber Prescott, Paul's uncle, and the black sheep of the family, was stopping at the Roost on a brief visit, at his own invitation. He was now a widower, with one son, seventeen years old, named Henry. The boy was very like his father in many respects, and those respects were not to his credit. He occasionally visited the Roost at his Uncle George's request, but he and his cousin Paul never got on well together. They could assimilate no better than oil and water.

From the first George Prescott seemed to have a premonition that he wasn't going to live long, and had requested his brother to send for Paul, but that gentleman took his time about doing it. In fact, strange to say, the first message he sent was to his son Henry, telling him to come on to the Roost. Finally George Prescott, who had reason to distrust his brother, wondering why his son failed to come home, put the matter in the hands of an old and valued employee named Tom Hazard, whom he had brought to live at the Roost, and Tom saw to it that Paul was immediately notified that his presence was desired at home on account of his father's illness.

Paul left the school at once and started for home in a rather uneasy state of mind. He had to take a train for Gloucester to Danversport in order to connect with the Boston & Maine for Newburyport. From that town he had to change to a branch line that stopped at Byfield, the nearest point to his home. He was astonished to meet his cousin Henry getting out of the B. & M. train at Newburyport, and to learn that he, too, was bound for the Roost.

At such a time Henry's company was even less congenial than usual to him, but he put the best face he could on the matter, and tried to be friends during the short run from Newburyport to Byfield, where they were met by old John Barnes, the coachman, with a fast team, who had been told by Faber Prescott to look out for his son if he came by that train.

When the fateful bell rang out its death note, the party were within a mile of the Roost. Although Paul well knew the dread significance of the three mysterious notes of the belfry bell, the sound had not come with sufficient distinctness to his ears to enable him to identify them.

"What do you suppose that sound was, John?" asked Paul, again, seeing that the old man did not answer when first addressed.

"Nothin' much, Master Paul," he replied, in a choked voice, not having the heart to tell the truth, and bring the grief of anticipated misfortune to the lad's heart.

The team was now drawing near a cross-road, which led down to the Merrimac River. Just as they reached it the shrill scream of a girl broke upon their ears with a suddenness and intensity that startled them greatly and caused old John to rein in the horses.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Paul, starting up from his seat, and gazing fixedly in the direction the sound had come. "Some one is in trouble."

As he spoke a shadow loomed up in the cross-roads, to the left, and flitted toward them, followed by another and larger shadow, which detached itself from the obscurity behind, and seemed to be chasing the first.

"Save me! oh, save me!" came in piteous accents from the first shadow, which speedily resolved itself into a young girl.

"Stop, ye little vixen!" roared the second shadow, "or I'll flay yer alive when I get my hands on you!"

An appeal for help was never wasted on Paul Prescott. He did not stop to inquire into the merits of the case. Springing to the ground, he ran toward the girl, who, in another moment, fell, exhausted, into his arms. He caught and held her just as her pursuer came up.

"Much obliged, young fellow," said the man, in a tone of satisfaction, advancing to grab the girl. "She gave me the slip from the schooner more'n an hour ago, and led me a pretty dance after her up the road; but I'll fix her when I get her back, or my old woman will, which is all the same. I'll be bound she won't light out no more after this."

"Hold on," said Paul, stepping between him and the girl. "What has she done to you, and why should you be chasing her at this hour of the night, along a lonely road?"

"Didn't I jest tell ye that she lighted out from my schooner?" retorted the man, angrily.

"Don't let him take me back!" cried the girl, recovering her breath and clinging desperately to her young protector. "He's a brute, and so is his wife. They've done nothing but beat me since I came to live with them, three months ago."

"Oh, I'm a brute, am I?" roared the man, savagely. "Ye'll pay well for that as soon as ye're back on board."

He made a swoop at her, but Paul headed him off.

"None of that, I say!" cried the plucky boy. "I won't stand by and see any girl ill-treated by a big fellow like you."

"What have ye got to say about it, anyway?" snarled the man. "Ye hain't got no right to interfere in my business."

He came closer to Paul, in a threatening way, and then the boy noticed that he wore a green shade over his right eye, and was altogether about as unsatisfactory-looking as one would care to meet on a highway.

"Well," replied Paul, stoutly, "as this girl has claimed my protection, she's going to have it."

"Blast yer!" yelled the man, springing at him.

But Paul was a stout boy and fully prepared for this demonstration on his part. He was fully aroused to the situation, and made no bones about landing a heavy swing on the fellow's jaw as he side-stepped to avoid his attack. What would have been the ultimate result of the scrap we cannot say.

But at this point old John Barnes deemed it to be his duty to interfere, and he did it, with the butt of his whip. There were several ounces of lead in it, and when it lighted across the forehead of the rascal he went down in the road, like a stricken ox. He was partially stunned, but Paul saw that he would soon come to.

"Come, young lady," he said, "let me help you into the wagon. You shall go to my home with me and stop there to-night. In the morning you can decide what you had best do to keep clear of your persecutors."

The girl uttered no objection, in fact she seemed glad to get as far away from the man who now lay in the dust of the road as possible, and permitted Paul to help her up on the seat he had vacated to go to her assistance.

"Get on the front seat with John, Henry," said Paul, "so I can look after this young lady."

Henry, nothing loath, changed his seat, and soon the wagon was speeding on again, leaving the ruffian behind to pick himself up and retire from the scene.

CHAPTER II.—Dolly Curtis.

"What is your name, miss?" asked Paul, regarding the girl he had rescued with much interest, for despite her shabby attire, he easily saw that she was remarkably pretty, as well as interesting.

"Dolly Curtis," she answered, in a low, somewhat restrained tone, as she glanced rather timidly at the stalwart lad by her side, to whom she owed so much.

"Thank-you," he said. "And I suppose you would like to know who I am?"

"If you will tell me," she replied, with another glance in his face, the Grecian beauty of which apparently impressed her.

"Well, my name is Paul Prescott, and I live at Prescott's Roost, only a short distance from here. I have been at school near Glo'cester, and have just been called home by my father's illness. It was lucky for you, I guess, that we came along when we did."

"It was," she answered, "and I shall never forget what you have done for me as long as I live."

"Well, you must let me be your friend, Miss Dolly," said Paul. "Then you won't stand in need of one as long as I'm around. As for a home, if you're willing to make yourself useful, I guess our housekeeper can find enough to keep you busy at the Roost."

Dolly expressed her gratitude to Paul for his offer, and said she would be glad if the housekeeper would take her on trial.

"Then, that is settled," said Paul, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now, tell me how came you to be connected with the rascal from whom I rescued you. Who is he, anyway? He spoke about a schooner—is he the skipper of one?"

"Yes. His name is Joel Grinnidge. He is captain of the schooner Lively Polly, and makes regular trips between Glo'ster and Nassau, on the Merrimac River. He lives, when on shore, at Glo'ster, and I went to live with Mrs. Grinnidge when my aunt died, six months ago. Mrs. Grinnidge was not kind to me, and made me work hard. In fact, I was little better than a slave. I told her I meant to leave her at the end of the month. Then she locked me in a room and beat me dreadfully."

"She did!" exclaimed Paul, indignantly.

"Yes. She kept me a prisoner until her husband returned from his trip, and then he swore he'd be the death of me if I dared to leave. He said he'd find me wherever I went, and would drag me back and half kill me. When the schooner was ready to sail for Nassau again, Mrs. Grinnidge decided to go and see some relatives she has in New Hampshire, and she took me aboard the schooner with her yesterday afternoon, just before she sailed. Captain Grinnidge struck me this morning for some little thing, and swore at me in a terrible way. This evening, Mrs. Grinnidge found fault with me because I accidentally broke a plate when removing the dishes to the gallery, and attacked me with a stick."

"The schooner happened to be tied to a wharf at the town yonder, and I fled ashore and ran up the road without knowing or caring where I went. All I wanted was to get away from my persecutors. The captain followed me as soon as he found out that I had escaped from the schooner, and I hid from him by the roadside. When he went up a lane to see if I had gone toward the house nearby, I ran on again. Finally it grew dark and I got confused and frightened, finding myself alone on a dreary road. While wondering what I was going to do, Captain Grinnidge came up and almost caught me. I screamed and ran ahead as fast as I could. Then I saw this wagon and you, and I begged you to protect me. And you did, and I shall be grateful to you forever."

"John," said Paul to the driver, "this is Miss Dolly Curtis. Introduce her to Mrs. Gray when we get home, and tell her that it is my wish that she find something for her to do right along.

as the girl has no place to go, or no friends. Tell her how we rescued her from a brute, who may possibly try to regain her. His name is Captain Joel Grinnidge. If he comes to the Roost after her he's to get the G. B. Understand?"

John understood, and promised to see that his young master's wishes were strictly attended to. Henry Prescott had overheard much of the conversation which had taken place between his cousin Paul and Dolly Curtis, and he sniffed at the idea of so much attention being paid to a poor and common girl, as he sized up Dolly.

"She's nothing but a pauper and a servant," he sneered to himself. "Paul must be crazy to treat her as if she was as good as himself. Low people like her ought to be kept in their place, otherwise they put on airs, and get to think they are somebodies. Paul is always putting himself out of the way to oblige some Tom, Dick or Harry. If I stood in his boots, with all the property that's coming to him, you can bet I'd let folks know who I am. They'd take their hats off to me every time, you can gamble on that."

CHAPTER III.—A Snake In the Grass.

About the time that the two boys left the Byfield station in the wagon, en route for Prescott's Roost, matters of moment were transpiring at Paul's home.

Faber Prescott, instead of being at his brother's bedside, as he ought to have been, considering the serious condition of that brother, was in the library doing things that he had no business to do. He was industriously searching the drawers and pigeon-holes of his brother's desk, and prying into matters not intended for his eye. There was a strong safe in the house, set in the wall of the dining-room, where the silverware and other valuable articles were kept, the combination of which was known to only one person beside the owner, and that was Tom Hazard, who performed some of the duties of a butler.

Faber Prescott, of course, knew about this safe, and had a general notion as to its contents, but he did not know that his brother kept his valuable documents in a small, inner compartment of this strong, steel box. Had his business instincts been reasonably developed he might have guessed the facts of the case, but Faber was impressed with the idea that all men keep their papers either in their desks, or in some secret drawer or box in their library or sleeping-room.

While he was thus employed, his place in the sick-room was filled by Tom Hazard. Had he known what was transpiring there he certainly would have found some excuse for getting Tom out of the room.

"Tom, I am afraid I shan't survive this night," George Prescott was saying to his faithful attendant; "but if I live long enough to see my dear boy once more I shall die contented."

Tom easily saw that the stamp of death was on Prescott's face, and did not doubt but his tenure of life was brief.

"It is a humiliating confession for me to make, but it is a fact that my brother is not a man who

can be trusted. His life has been a misspent one from boyhood up, and it is too much to expect that he can change at this late day. I have felt compelled to come to his financial relief more times than I care to recall in order to save the name of Prescott from disgrace at his hands. His presence here at this time, instead of being the blessing to me that it ought to be, is, I fear, unfortunate. His actions during my illness have not pleased me. Had he sent for my son when I requested him to do so my boy would now be with me instead of miles away."

"Paul will surely be here within the hour, Mr. Prescott," Tom hastened to assure him. "Indeed, he must already be on his way home from the station."

"But for you, Tom, I fear he would yet have remained unnotified of my serious state, though it is five days since I asked my brother to send for him."

"It is a pity, then, that you did not tell me sooner that you wished to see him," said Tom.

"It is useless for us to consider now what might have been done. What I wish to say to you has far more weight. You're an old and valued employe, Tom. You served me faithfully in business for twenty-five years, and since I bought this place and settled down here, your services have been none the less valuable. I feel I can trust you, Tom."

"You can, indeed, sir."

"My brother will take charge of this place immediately that I am dead, but not for many days, for as soon as my will is read it will be seen that Mr. Harrison, my Boston lawyer, has been appointed my administrator, in conjunction with yourself, and that I have designated you as guardian of my son until he comes of age. I wish you to become for the time being a second father to my boy. Promise me you will."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed to the letter, sir," observed Tom, solemnly. "Your brother has already shown his hand in a way not at all relished by the members of this household, and I regret to confirm your opinion that it would have been an unwise move on your part to have taken him into your confidence with respect to your property and the future of Paul."

As Tom spoke, a curtain, which screened an alcove, was moved aside, and a dark, scowling countenance peered in upon the dying man and his faithful friend. There was a similarity in looks between the man who lay helpless in bed and the man behind the curtain, yet the expression of their faces was different, for the influence of good and the influence of evil always leaves its traces on the human face. They were brothers, and the man, whom we must call an interloper, was Faber Prescott.

"Ah!" he muttered, as he gazed at his dying brother, "it is as I supposed. You have taken means to defraud me of my just right, and you have even gone so far as to warn this employe of yours against me, your own flesh and blood."

Unconscious that his undeserving brother was an unseen listener of their conversation, George Prescott went on.

"My will and other papers of value to my estate are deposited in the inner compartment of

the safe below, of which you hold the combination, Tom. The key to the compartment is on the ring with other keys in the pocket of the trousers I last wore. Get that ring at once and guard that special key well. When Mr. Harrison arrives—you must telegraph him immediately after my death—open the safe and inner box in his presence and let him search among the papers for the will which he drew up for me some months ago. Then all will be well. Do you understand?"

"I do," replied Tom.

"And now you know all I desired to tell you, Tom," continued the dying man. "I feel I am growing very weak. My breath and sight seem failing me. Why does not my boy come? A few minutes more and he will be too late—too late. Ah!"

The eyes of the dying man had suddenly rested on his brother's face, projected through the folds of the curtain.

"Tom—Tom!" he gasped. "Look—look—there! My broth—"

He half raised himself in bed and pointed at the alcove. Tom Hazard, greatly startled himself, turned around and followed the indication of his arm, but saw nothing, for Faber Prescott had taken alarm and retreated from sight, and the curtain hung motionless as before he parted them.

"I see no one. You must have been mistaken," Tom said.

Then suddenly upon the night air came the measured boom of the bell in the belfry on the roof.

Boom!—Boom!—Boom!

"Great heaven!" cried Tom, in a hushed voice. "The death bell!"

He turned to look at his old employer, with a glance of apprehension. George Prescott was dead.

CHAPTER IV.—Within an Inch of His Grasp.

Paul Prescott was overwhelmed with grief when he reached home and found that his father was dead. Faber Prescott greeted his nephew with a melancholy countenance, as though his brother's death was a great affliction to him, and assumed a particularly friendly attitude toward the lad. Henry Prescott was very much surprised to learn of his uncle's death, but he was not particularly grief-stricken over that sad event.

"I dare say the governor will have charge of Paul after this, and I hope he will make him walk a chalk line until he's twenty-one. He's been accustomed to put on too many airs to suit me. I'd like to see him taken down a peg or two. I hate fellows who think themselves better than other people because their father is well off. I guess he'll find it convenient to change his tune now that he's an orphan."

Such were Henry Prescott's reflections as he sat by himself at a table in the dining-room, eating the supper that had been prepared for Paul, for the poor bereaved lad had no thought or appetite for the meal. Faber Prescott, when he entered the chamber of death, immediately after

his brother had expired, gave way to many expressions of profound grief, somewhat to the surprise of Tom Hazard, who was himself deeply moved. The faithful employe of the dead man began to wonder if the black sheep of the family didn't have a heart after all. In a short time Faber composed himself and then got Tom out of the room on an errand that was of no great importance.

As soon as Tom was out of the way, Faber made a quick search for the trousers he had last seen on his brother, and, finding them folded on a chair, went through the pockets with uncommon dexterity. With a grunt of satisfaction he pulled out a ring full of keys.

"One of these is the key that fits the inner compartment of the safe," he muttered. "Now, which one is it? It won't do for me to take the whole bunch."

When Tom returned, after spreading the sad news among the servants, Faber was bending over his brother, with his handkerchief to his eyes. He rose as soon as Tom appeared and walked with dejected mien from the room. Going directly to the library, he sat down before his brother's desk and began to consider the situation from every point of view, figuring how he could nullify the adverse conditions that faced him.

"If I could manage to get hold of the will and destroy it, then the law would give me a certain standing next to the direct heir. I could probably insist on being appointed Paul's guardian because of my close relationship to him. What passed between my brother and this Tom Hazard would have no weight, in court, because it could not be corroborated, and Lawyer Harrison's statement that he drew up a will for my brother, while it would be believed, would amount to little if the will was not produced. It is true that in the end Paul would succeed to the property as the heir-at-law, but I would be able to claim something, while as his guardian I should help myself to as much as sharp practice would admit of. The whole of my prospects hangs upon the disappearance of the will.

"That would be an easy matter to accomplish, now that I believe I have the key to the inner compartment of the safe, if I only possessed the combination which opens the door. Tom alone holds that now. If it were possible to bribe him. I fear that is out of the question. These faithful employes are too infernally honest. Perhaps I may be able to think up some scheme for forcing the secret from him—some way in which my agency would not be suspected."

Next morning the news was carried about the neighborhood that George Prescott was dead. During the day the neighbors on terms of intimacy with the Prescotts called to offer their condolence. Faber and his son had had a long interview after breakfast, and Henry was brought to view his father in a new light. Whatever confidences passed between them, the boy fell in with his father's views, and having been instructed to keep a close watch on Tom Hazard's movements, faithfully carried out directions to the letter. Consequently, when Tom started for Byfield at about ten o'clock to telegraph to Lawyer Harrison in Boston, Faber was at once informed of the fact.

"Very well. Now run and tell old John Barnes to saddle Black Bess for me, as I have a visit to make."

"Are you going to Byfield, father?" asked Henry, curiously.

"Why do you wish to know?" asked his father, sharply.

"Oh, nothing. I just asked, that's all. By the way, here is a small wallet that Tom Hazard dropped out of his pocket as he was getting into the wagon."

"Give it to me," said Faber, eagerly grasping it.

Henry gave it up, readily enough. He had already been through it, and the two bills and small amount of change which it had contained was now safely tucked away in his own pocket. As soon as Henry left the room, Faber opened the wallet and deftly examined its contents. There were a number of unimportant memoranda that did not interest him, but in a small pocket, made to hold postage stamps, Faber found something that not only interested but greatly excited him. It was a slip of paper on which were scribbled a set of figures.

"I believe this is the combination of the safe. If I am right, I shall not need to follow Hazard to Byfield."

He hastened down to the dining-room, which was deserted. He turned the key in both doors and then, with the paper in his grasp, he proceeded to test the matter in hand. It was the combination, and inside of a few moments the big steel door swung open on its hinges. Taking the small, flat key from his vest-pocket, Faber found, with a thrill of exultation, that it fitted the inner keyhole. To open the small, steel door and thrust in his hand was the work of but a moment. He grasped a pile of papers of various sizes and drew them forth.

Rushing over to one of the windows he eagerly sorted them out. At that moment the handle of one of the doors was turned sharply by somebody on the other side. Faber started as though stung by a venomous insect, and half of the papers dropped to the floor. One of them slid underneath a light table standing close at hand. The rascally brother stood trembling for a moment after the sound ceased and then pulled himself together.

"Pshaw! What a fool I am to be rattled for nothing," he exclaimed, stooping and picking up the papers, excepting the one that was out of sight.

Then he went on quickly but carefully, looking at each of the documents he had taken from the safe. The will was not among them.

"Strange!" he muttered. "I distinctly heard my brother say, with almost his last breath, that it was in this place. Could he have removed it and then forgotten the circumstance? It isn't like my brother to do such a thing. Then where can it be?"

He searched through the other parts of the safe without finding the paper. At last he was satisfied that the will was not in the safe. He locked the inner compartment, after restoring the papers that were of no use to him, and then shut the safe door. After that he unlocked both doors and retired to the library to brood over his keen disappointment and chagrin.

CHAPTER V.—Henry Prescott Shows the Cloven Foot.

While he was thus engaged, Henry appeared and told him that Black Bess was ready.

"I have changed my mind," said his father, shortly. "I shan't want her after all."

"May I use her, then, father?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Very well, but be careful she does not throw you."

Henry hastened away and was soon galloping down the road.

"I must return that key to the bunch. It is of no further use to me," mused Faber, when he was alone again. "Its absence would be likely to arouse suspicion, especially if Tom looks in the compartment for the will, as he was directed to do in the presence of the lawyer, and it is not found there, as of course it will not be."

He went into the room where his brother had just been laid out by the undertaker from the adjacent village, who had gone to get a suitable coffin for the deceased, and finding the trousers in the same place, undisturbed, he replaced the key on the ring and left the room.

Paul Prescott all this time was in the seclusion of his room. He did not feel like showing himself around the house, but left everything to Tom Hazard or his uncle. Although overwhelmed by the death of his father, Paul did not altogether forget the girl he had saved from the persecution of Captain Grinnidge. Meeting the housekeeper in the dining-room, he spoke to her about Dolly Curtis.

"I want you to do all you can for her, Mrs. Gray, for I think she is a good girl. You will greatly oblige me by looking after her, for she is an orphan, like myself."

"Be assured, Paul, that I will do all I can for her," said the housekeeper, kindly. "Since you wish it, she shall have a home here with me. I have already taken a great fancy to her. She seems gentle, affectionate and willing. Perhaps she may yet come to fill the void left in my heart by the death of my own dear child," she added, in a faltering tone. "At any rate, my heart goes out to her, and I shall try to win her confidence and love."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gray," replied Paul.

Then he left the house for a little exercise in the crisp afternoon air. While he was away, Henry got back from his ride. He had ridden Black Bess pretty hard, and the animal was covered with sweat when he brought her to the stable. Old John, who looked after the horses, was angry at her appearance.

"What have you been doing to Bess?" he asked, curtly.

"My father changed his mind when I told him the mare was ready, and he said that I could use her," replied Henry, haughtily.

"You forget, young man, that your father is not master of Prescott's Roost," replied John Barnes, with equal sharp tone.

"He will be after the funeral," answered the boy, with a confident nod.

"Don't be too certain of that."

"Why not? Isn't my father George Prescott's brother? Who has a better right here than he?

Besides, he'll be Paul's guardian, and that will give him charge of this place, anyhow."

"All right, young man, have it your way," replied John, who didn't care to carry on an ill-timed and useless argument, leading Bess into the stable.

"Yah!" snarled Henry, looking after him. "I don't like you for a cent. Perhaps you won't be here forever."

Then, feeling thirsty, he started toward a spring in a grove nearby to get a drink. It was surrounded by a rustic stone wall under a wide roof, supported by four stout posts, the whole encompassed by evergreen trees. When Henry walked into the grove he found Dolly Curtis there with a pail.

"Hello! you here?" he grinned, in a self-complaisant way. "Gimme a drink, will you?"

Without a word, she filled a tin dipper and handed it to him. He accepted it without any thanks, and drank the contents.

"So you're the girl we picked up last night along the road, eh? Who was you running away from? Your old man?"

Dolly shook her head, and, raising her filled pail, started to leave the grove.

"Hold on. Don't be in a hurry," said Henry, detaining her. "I want to talk to you."

"You'll have to excuse me; I'm in a hurry," she replied, trying to pass him.

"Oh, come off! There isn't any need for you to be in a rush, especially when it's me who's talking to you. I suppose you don't know who I am? Well, my name is Henry Prescott. It's my uncle who has just passed in his checks. My father will be the boss of this property after the funeral—in fact, he's the whole thing now, for that matter. If you want to stay at this place you've got to be good to me, see?"

"You!" flashed Dolly, in surprise. "Mrs. Gray, the houskeeper, told me that Paul Prescott, the boy who so bravely saved me last night, is the master of this place. It was his father who died."

"That's all right. He'll own it after a few years; but while he's under age my father is going to run the Roost. My father will be his guardian, and will live here while he's in charge. And, of course, I'll live here, too. Now if you treat me right, you can stay as long as you want to."

"Treat you right!"

"Yes. Do whatever I tell you to do. Now, to begin with, I want you to give me a kiss."

"I wouldn't kiss you for a million dollars."

"Then I'll make you."

He seized her by the wrist and gave it a sudden turn that brought a scream of pain to her lips.

"Now will you kiss me?"

"No!" she flashed.

He gave her wrist another twist. Her second scream brought help in the person of Paul Prescott.

CHAPTER VI.—Henry's Important Discovery.

"What are you doing to Miss Curtis, Henry?" asked Paul, sternly. "Let go of her wrist."

There was that in Paul's eye which warned Henry to take heed, and being a coward at heart he dropped Dolly's arm and, with a dark, re-

vengeful look at his cousin, he hastily left the grove.

"I hope he didn't hurt you, Miss Dolly," said Paul, turning to the girl, whose flushed face and tearful eye showed that she had been under a strain.

"I don't know," she replied, hesitatingly, looking gratefully at him.

He took up her little hand and saw that she winced.

"He did hurt you, then? Allow me to apologize for him."

"No, you shan't apologize for him—he isn't worth it. I don't like him, and I never will, even if he is your cousin. He isn't at all like you. You've treated me so generously, while he—he insulted me."

"I am sorry," replied Paul. "He shan't do it again. I won't stand for it."

"He told me that if I didn't do what he wanted me to he'd have me sent away."

"He told you that?"

"Yes. He said that his father was in charge of this place now, and that you wouldn't have anything to say for some years. He told me that he and his father were going to live here."

"I don't believe my father's will makes his father my guardian. I have understood differently. Henry, I think, will find himself mistaken. So he threatened you, did he? Don't worry, Miss Dolly. I told you I'd stand by you, and I will."

"You are very good to me. And, oh, Mr. Paul, I'm so sorry for you in your trouble. I wish—I wish I could do something to make you feel less unhappy, indeed, indeed I do."

She spoke earnestly, and Paul, looking into her face, saw that a great sympathy for him overflowed her eyes. In fact, he felt so grateful for her girlish sympathy that hardly realizing what he did he put his arm around her, drew her toward him and kissed her.

"Oh, Mr. Paul!" she exclaimed, starting back in great confusion, while her face grew scarlet.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dolly," he said, hastily, holding her hand, which she did not attempt to withdraw from his grasp. "I couldn't help it. Forgive me."

"I—I am not angry with you," she answered, softly, with downcast eyes.

"Then I am glad. I kissed you because I saw the sympathy your face expressed for me. At the moment you seemed just like a dear sister who was trying to comfort me when I most need it. I thank you for that sympathy, and, believe me, if you will let me, I will be your one true friend for life. May I?"

"Do you really wish it?" she asked, shyly.

"I do. Is it yes?"

"Yes—Paul."

In the meantime, Henry entered the house in a very bad humor. He was furious at his cousin, and yearned for a chance to get square with him. His ride had made him hungry and he began to think it was time that dinner ought to be nearly ready. When he looked into the dining-room and saw that the table wasn't even set he got a bigger grouch on than ever. He proceeded to the kitchen and put up a howl to the cook. As the cook was boss of her own department, and not accustomed to being dictated to, she sat down on

Henry in a way that did not improve his temper. He returned to the dining-room, with a scowl on his face as dark as a thunder-gust.

He was standing by one of the windows, gazing moodily out on the lawn, and feeling that he must vent his ill-humor on something, he gave the light table close by a vicious kick. It went over on its side.

"Why did you want to fall over and give me the trouble of picking you up?" he snarled. "I've a great mind to leave you lie there."

At that moment his sharp eyes noticed an oblong document lying on the polished floor where the table had stood. Curiosity induced him to pick it up and examine it. The word "Will" was printed in large, plain type on the back.

"What's this?" he said, in some surprise, gazing at the word.

He looked at it closer. What he saw made all his hungry sensations vanish in a moment.

"Will of George Prescott. Dated, April 6. Why, can this be my uncle's will? What is it doing here?"

He started to open it, then reconsidered the matter, put it into his pocket and hastened up to his own room, where he locked himself in. Taking the will from his pocket he read it over from the beginning to the end.

"Whew! This leaves everything to Paul, except \$1,000 to my father, and a paltry \$500 to me. That beast of a Tom Hazard is appointed his guardian, and is also made an associate administrator of the estate, with the lawyer who drew this up. Why, father is left out in the cold altogether. That's a nice way for my uncle to treat us, I must say. The governor won't have a thing to say about anything, and, of course, he and I will be dumped out of this soft snap we have calculated on. Gee! I must run and put him wise to the whole thing."

Henry got up and started for the door. Suddenly he stopped and a shrewd grin came over his face.

"No, I won't. I'll just hold on to this will myself. If the old thing isn't found when it's wanted the provisions won't go. Then my father will have something to say, I guess. He's entitled to a good rake-off, and I'll bet he'll get it. But where do I come in? I won't get the \$500 in that case. I know what I'll do. I'll just hold this over the governor's head. If he refuses to cough up when I want the money I'll threaten to send the will to Lawyer Harrison, and put myself in line for the \$500. He'll be glad to knuckle down to me, bet your life."

CHAPTER VII.—The Missing Will.

Immediately after the funeral of George Prescott, which was largely attended by the best people of West Newbury, Lawyer Harrison, who had arrived in response to Tom Hazard's telegram, notified Faber Prescott that his old client's will would be read in the library after dinner. In accordance with Mr. Harrison's directions, Tom Hazard notified all the household to appear in the library at eight o'clock that evening.

In due time dinner was announced and eaten by Faber, who sat at the head of the table, as

a matter of courtesy, Lawyer Harrison, Paul, Henry and Tom Hazard. At the conclusion of the meal the first four adjourned to the library. In the course of half an hour Tom appeared at the door of that room and beckoned to the lawyer. That gentleman immediately joined him.

"I am now ready to open the safe, in your presence, as directed by Mr. Prescott. The will is in the inner compartment, to which I have the key," said Tom.

"I am ready to go with you," said the lawyer, and accordingly they went at once to the dining-room.

Tom opened the safe, unlocked the inner compartment, took out the papers therein and handed them to the lawyer. Mr. Harrison looked them over, slowly, one by one, but, of course, did not find the will he had drawn up about six months before.

"The will is not among these. Look again," he said.

Tom put his hand in and then declared there was no other paper in there.

"You say that Mr. Prescott told you distinctly that the will was there?" said Mr. Harrison, knitting his brows.

"He did. I couldn't have been mistaken, for he particularly told me to take possession of the key and keep it till you asked for the will."

"Which you did, I suppose?" asked the lawyer, looking at the old employee.

"Yes, sir, though not immediately, because I was so overcome by Mr. Prescott's death that I forgot about the matter until the next night."

"Indeed. Where was the keys in the meantime?"

"In the pocket of a pair of trousers last worn by Mr. Prescott."

"Where anybody—his brother, for instance—could get at them?"

Tom gave a start.

"When you finally looked for the key you found it all right, did you?"

"I did."

"Let us go through the rest of the safe."

This they did, but without result.

"I'm afraid that Mr. Prescott must have removed that will, to read it over perhaps, and then forgot to return it."

Tom made no reply.

"It is of the utmost importance that that will be found," said the lawyer. "Not that its loss would prevent young Paul from inheriting the bulk of the property, but because its absence would greatly benefit Faber Prescott, who, I have reason to know, is deserving of little consideration at his dead brother's hands. If there be no will for probate, the public administrator will have to step in and take charge. He would be entitled to a very considerable fee in this case. Then the court would have to appoint a guardian for Paul, and I doubt not Mr. Faber Prescott would put forward his claim to be considered as such in his position as nearest of kin. That would enable him to take up his residence here, and there are pickings for a man of his character which would amply compensate him."

"If Mr. Prescott left the will in his desk his brother has had every chance to discover it since my employer was taken ill," said Tom.

"Exactly. And Faber Prescott is not a man to be trusted."

They returned to the library, where everybody was gathered by this time, and Mr. Harrison was obliged to announce that the will had not been found in the place where it was supposed to be. At those words, Faber brightened up considerably, but he still wondered where the will could be.

In the end the lawyer was compelled to dismiss the servants with the statement that a further and, if possible, more thorough search would be made next day. Next day's hunt developed nothing, and the lawyer was at his wit's end. Finally the matter was taken to court.

Mr. Harrison, appearing in behalf of Tom Hazard who made application to be appointed guardian of Paul Prescott, submitted an affidavit, signed by himself, which set forth that he had, at his late client's request, drawn up a will, corresponding in all important particulars to the rough draft of same which he produced as evidence, and that Mr. George Prescott and the two witnesses, whose affidavits were attached, had signed the said will, now missing, in his presence.

Hazard's application was opposed by Faber Prescott, who, in default of any legal will, urged his own claims for the guardianship on the ground that he was the nearest relative of the heir-at-law, and consequently the one most likely to do the right thing by the boy.

Mr. Harrison took issue against Faber on the ground that it was not the dead man's desire that his brother should become guardian of his son, for good and sufficient reasons—reasons which he was prepared to show, by witnesses, rendered the said brother unsuitable for so important a trust. The said objections were then brought forward, and as they were a grave reflection on Mr. Faber Prescott's general character, a bitter legal squabble ensued between the opposing lawyers. The judge took the papers and reserved his decision. In the end he decided the case in favor of Tom Hazard, and Faber Prescott at once appealed to a higher court. Pending the ultimate outcome, Mr. Harrison was temporarily appointed Paul's guardian, with full powers to act in that capacity.

Faber and his son then left the Roost, and the servants were all delighted to see them go. Paul, in the meantime, had returned to the Gloucester Academy and resumed his studies, after taking an affectionate leave of Dolly Curtis, whom he left under the housekeeper's motherly wing.

CHAPTER VIII.—Startling News From the Roost.

The Gloucester Academy, presided over by Dr. John Watson, was situated on high ground overlooking Gloucester Harbor. Paul Prescott was first favorite, not only with his companions but with the teachers as well. He was a leader in all the sports, and held that position against all comers by sheer grit and superior performance. He expected to graduate on the following June and then enter Harvard College. It was now about two months after his father's death, or within

a couple of weeks of the Christmas holidays. Paul Prescott, accompanied by one of his chums, called Andy Owens, was sitting on a single-rail fence, if it could be called a fence, close to the academy office, waiting for the factotem, who had gone to town for the evening mail, to return. He was looking for his bi-weekly letter from Dolly Curtis. He figured that he ought to have got it the day before, and when it didn't turn up that morning he was greatly disappointed.

Paul and Andy were talking football, and figuring up the prospects of the academy eleven beating the Manchester High School team on the coming Saturday, when an ugly-looking man, with the rolling gait of a sailor, approached the spot.

"Beggin' yer pardon, my hearties, but can yer tell me where I can find a lad of this here school named Paul Prescott?"

"You've found him already. My name is Paul Prescott," replied Paul, regarding the man with some curiosity and not a little distrust.

"I was told to give yer this letter," he said, eying Paul, cunningly, as he took an envelope, which had suffered from contact with his dirty hand, from his pocket and tendered it to the boy.

"Who is this from?" asked Paul, looking at the superscription, which was scrawled in lead pencil and not over intelligible.

"Dunno," replied the sailor, for such he evidently was. "I never seen the gent afore."

"You say a gentleman gave you this to hand to me?" said Paul, in some surprise. "I don't know any gentleman in Glo'ster that's likely to send me a note."

It was too dark to read the note out there, so Paul told him to wait and went into the office of the school, where there were electric lights. Tearing the envelope open, he pulled out an enclosure, which read as follows:

"Paul Prescott—I know where the missing will of your late father can be found. If you want information on the subject you must manage to come to the Old Watch Tower, on Gull Point, to-night at eight o'clock. Let bearer know if I can expect you.

"(Signed)

Incognito."

To say that Paul was astonished at the contents of the note would be to put it quite mildly. Why, had he appointed a night meeting at such a lonesome spot as the old Revolutionary watch tower on Gull Point, when a daylight meeting, it seemed to Paul, could be more easily arranged, at least so far as he himself was concerned?

If he agreed to keep this appointment, and he had more than half a mind to do it, for he was naturally extremely anxious to get a clue to the missing will, would Dr. Watson, under the circumstances, give him the necessary permission?

"I guess he'll strain a point when I have explained matters to him," thought Paul. "Yes, I'll go to the Old Watch Tower at eight o'clock, if it's possible for me to get there."

Having come to that determination, he gave the disreputable-looking sailor an answer to that effect, and he rolled away, like a Dutch fishing smack in a cross sea.

"That was a strange kind of a messenger to

bring you a letter," remarked Andy, after the man had gone.

"Yes. And the letter was just as strange as the bearer," replied Paul.

"What was it about?" asked Andy, curiously.

"I told you that my father's will was missing," answered Paul.

"Yes, and that the question as to who your guardian should be brought into court. What has that to do with this letter?"

"The letter is from a man who claims to know where the will is."

"You don't say!"

"He wants me to meet him to-night at eight o'clock at the Old Watch Tower on the Point, to drive a bargain for it."

"He does?"

"He didn't say in so many words that he wanted to be paid for his information, but, of course, that is what he is trying to get at. If he has the will in his possession, or knows where to put his hands on it, he will want to be paid, and it isn't impossible but he may ask a stiff price."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to ask the Doctor to let me keep the appointment."

"You'd better let me go with you. You'll want a witness."

"The party might object to your presence."

"Then I can stay outside the tower."

"Well, I will be glad to have you come. I'll ask the Doctor to let you accompany me."

"That's right. Now, I'd suggest that we go there half an hour before the time appointed and hide."

"What for?"

"So as to see what kind of man this person is who is anxious to do business with you under cover. You can't be too careful. It might be some kind of put-up job, for all you know. I didn't like the looks of that sailor. If more than one man comes to the tower we needn't show ourselves, and perhaps we might, in that case, get on to their game."

At that moment the man with the mail-bag appeared, entered the office, and Paul was about to follow him in when the supper-bell rang.

"Too bad," ejaculated Paul, in a disappointed tone, "I'll have to wait for the regular distribution of the letters now."

The hundred odd boys were marched into the dining-hall and took their places at the different tables that accommodated twenty-six lads each, two of which officiated as "carvers" at either end of each table. Paul occupied one of these posts, which carried with it certain privileges as compensation for the duties of the position. One of the professors occupied a low rostrum near the general entrance, and while the boys were eating, the letters were delivered to him for distribution, as the scholars filed out. A letter was handed to Paul as he passed out of the room, and he hastened to the library and reading-room to peruse it.

As soon as he looked at the superscription he was greatly disappointed to find that it was in the housekeeper's handwriting and not in Dolly's. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that the girl must be sick, and he tore the envelope open, with a great deal of anxiety. He was not

prepared, however, for the startling news that he read.

It was to the effect that Captain Grinnidge had appeared at the Roost a few days previously and demanded that Dolly should leave her new home and go with him. The girl, naturally, refused, and had been sustained by Tom Hazard, who was in charge of the property under Lawyer Harrison. Two days later Dolly was missing, and it was Mrs. Gray's opinion that the captain in some way managed to abduct her. Hazard had put the matter in the hands of a Newburyport detective, who had gone to Gloucester to watch for the Lively Polly, on board of which it was believed the girl was held a prisoner. That was all, but the news was sufficiently disquieting to Paul, who was alarmed for Dolly's safety.

CHAPTER XI.—Caught.

At half-past seven that evening, Paul and Andy approached the Old Watch Tower, near the extreme end of Gull Point, a small promontory projecting into Gloucester Bay. It was a lonesome and bleak spot, particularly at that season of the year. At the moment the place seemed to be entirely deserted.

"We're lucky," said Andy. "We've got here first. Now, let's take a look around and see where we can hide until we're ready to show ourselves."

"We'll stand by one of these narrow windows," said Paul, "and then we'll be able to see who comes to this place."

Twenty minutes passed slowly away and Paul saw no sign of any one coming toward the tower.

"It's pretty near time for that man to show up, don't you think so, Andy?" he said.

"Waiting is tiresome work," said Andy, strolling across to the other window. "Hello!" he exclaimed, after glancing out on the water. "There's a schooner coming to anchor close in to this point."

"A schooner!" cried Paul, rushing over to the other window. "So there is. A good-sized one, carrying a fore-topsail. A coaster, evidently. I wonder why she's mooring off this place? I guess she's come down from Glo'ster."

The boys watched her with some interest. Her sails were lowered, but not secured, and instead of dropping her anchor a small hawser was carried ashore in a boat and made fast to a big rock on the shore. It was clear that her presence in that neighborhood was only intended to be temporary. There were five men, one of whom was bossing operations, aboard of her, while a sixth man was attending to the shore end of the cable. This chap, having finished his business, returned to the vessel, after which silence and inaction succeeded. Four of the men lighted their pipes and sprawled off forward, while the other two remained seated together on the rise of the trunk cabin.

"Maybe she's waiting for high tide to pass the bar below," said Paul.

"She's a good distance up for that, I should think," replied Andy. "The fishing vessels all go down and anchor close to the bar when the tide is at ebb."

"Well, it's none of our business," answered Paul, starting back for the other window. "Come

here Andy," he cried, a moment later. "There's a man and a boy coming this way."

Andy ran over and looked out.

"That's right. If he's only got a boy with him we needn't be afraid of meeting him."

"Well, we won't be in a hurry about it," replied Paul.

When the man, who was heavily bearded and wore a soft, slouched hat, and his companion drew near the entrance, the boy hung back and the man advanced. He entered the ground floor of the building and called out, in a gruff voice:

"Paul Prescott, are you here?"

No answer being returned to his hail he spoke to his companion, in a somewhat different tone, which sounded familiar to Paul.

"He hasn't come yet, Henry."

"Is that so, father?" replied the boy, coming forward.

"My uncle and cousin," gasped Paul, in utter astonishment. "What does this mean?"

"Your uncle and cousin?" ejaculated Andy, in surprise.

"Yes. And my uncle is disguised by a heavy beard."

"Then he's up to some crooked work, depend on it."

Father and son both entered the ground floor of the old ruin, and Paul and Andy crept to the opening above the stairs and craned their necks to hear what was said below.

"Go outside and see if the schooner has arrived," said Faber Prescott. "If she has, give the signal for Grinnidge to come ashore with his mate."

"Grinnidge!" again gasped Paul. "Why, that vessel must be the lively Polly. Maybe Dolly Curtis is at this moment a prisoner aboard of her."

Henry Prescott left the room below to carry out his father's instructions, and while he was away Faber lighted a cigar and began to smoke. In a few moments Henry returned.

"The schooner is there and the men are coming ashore," he said.

"Now, hand me the will and go outside and watch for your cousin."

"I'm to have \$1,000, remember," replied Henry, as he produced the document. "If you go back on me father, I'll blow on you, as sure as I stand here."

"Don't talk like a fool," answered Faber, impatiently. "You shall have the thousand, of course."

"All right. There you are."

"Now let us know the moment you see Paul coming."

"Are you sure he'll come?"

"He said he would, and I know he's a boy of his word."

Faber laid the will on one of the steps near his elbow and waited. Presently Captain Grinnidge and the man who delivered the note to Paul appeared at the doorway. Faber got up and went toward them, and the three engaged in a low conversation—too low for the boys to catch the drift of it.

It was then that a daring thing occurred to Paul's mind. He had seen his rascally uncle lay the document, purporting to be his father's will, on the third step of the stairs. He de-

terminated, at any hazard, to creep down and gain possession of it. Although the three men stood right in the doorway, and were plainly visible, he believed that he would not be noticed in the intense gloom surrounding the stairs. Accordingly, Paul crept cautiously down the stairs until he got to the point near the third step. He now saw the document distinctly, and, reaching out, grasped it. Then he made his way back to the floor above, without attracting attention.

He went over to a corner, struck a match and, shading the light under his overcoat, looked at the paper. It needed but a glance to assure him that he had his father's will in his possession. He felt like executing an Indian war dance, so great was his satisfaction.

It slipped from his hand as he was about to put it into his pocket, and he knelt down to feel for it. His fingers struck it and pushed it into a crack in the stone flooring. Not finding it easily, he struck another match to look around. It wasn't in sight, but the crack was. Looking down into it he saw the precious paper where he couldn't reach it without a couple of stiff pieces of wire or metal.

"How provoking!" he muttered, in a tone of vexation.

He got out his knife and tried to reach the paper with the long blade and dig it out. While thus engaged, Faber happened to remember that he had left the will on the stairs, and returned for it. Not finding it, he struck a match and looked for it. Andy observed what he was about, and crept over to his chum to tell him. Then he saw what Paul was about.

"Let it alone for the present," he said. "It's safe enough. We can come over here to-morrow with some wire and get it out. Your uncle is looking for it now. I'll bet he's astonished at its disappearance."

At that moment there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"Come on, Grinnidge," they heard Mr. Prescott say. "I believe that boy came here ahead of time, got suspicious and is hiding upstairs. If he's here we'll have him cornered. I guess he's smarter than I had any idea of, and I can't waste any time on him now."

Faber sprang up the stairs, followed by the captain and his mate. Striking a match, Mr. Prescott looked around. In the glare of the flame Paul and Andy were discovered crouching against one of the walls.

CHAPTER X.—Carried Off.

"Why, there's two of them," exclaimed Captain Grinnidge.

"So you are there, Paul Prescott?" said Faber, maliciously.

"Yes, I am here, Uncle Faber," replied Paul, coolly.

The expiring match dropped from Faber's hand, and then the conversation went on in the dark.

"You were here when I arrived and called out to you below."

"I was."

"Why didn't you show yourself, then?"

"I had my reasons."

"Did you suspect my intentions?"

"I did, the moment I recognized you."

"How could you identify me in this beard and in the darkness?"

"I knew you the moment you spoke to Henry, who came with you."

"Did you suspect me as the writer of that note proposing this interview?"

"I did not."

"Did you entertain any suspicions concerning the alleged object of the note?"

"I thought the hour and the place rather singular, but it was not out of keeping with the peculiar purpose of the writer."

"So you decided to keep the appointment, but bring a schoolmate for greater security."

"Yes."

"Your object was to get possession of your father's missing will."

"It was."

"And you have succeeded, though in a different way from what you figured on," said his uncle, in a compressed tone.

"In what way have I succeeded?" replied Paul, pretending surprise.

"That bluff doesn't go with me. Search him, Grinnidge."

Paul made no resistance while the captain of the Lively Polly, who was aching for the chance to get at him, went through his clothes. The skipper was unnecessarily rough, but he did not find anything that even remotely looked like the will.

"He has probably given it to his companion. Search him," said Faber.

Andy was searched, without result. Paul's uncle then examined the floor of the room, and the walls, but saw no sign of the will. He was nonplussed.

"What did you do with it?" he demanded of his nephew.

"I haven't done anything with it," replied Paul.

"I say you have. You have hidden it some place."

"Perhaps he threw it out of one of the windows," suggested Grinnidge.

This idea did not seem unreasonable to Faber.

"If he did that we'd find it outside. Now, secure that precious nephew of mine and carry out your instructions with respect to him. You'll have to take the other boy, too, to head off discovery."

Grinnidge and his mate drew pieces of rope from their pockets, and throwing themselves on the two boys, soon bound their hands tightly behind them.

"I protest against this outrage, Uncle Faber," said Paul, indignantly. "You ought to be ashamed to permit such a thing to be done to me."

Mr. Prescott laughed, in a disagreeable way.

"You'll be lucky if you're never up against worse than that. Captain Grinnidge has a bone to pick with you, and is going to take you aboard his schooner to pick it. As it would be a pity to part you and your friend, he'll have to accompany you."

Thereupon Paul and Andy were marched downstairs, out of the watch tower, and thence to the water's edge, where they were obliged to get into the waiting boat. The mate got out the oars and rowed to the schooner, up the side of which

the boys were forced to climb. They were then taken forward and made to step down into a small section of the hold called the fore-peak. The cover of the hatch or scuttle was clapped on and they were left in darkness.

"Gee! We seem to be up against it, Paul," said Andy. "I wonder what they're going to do with us?"

"I give it up," replied his chum. "Captain Grinnidge won't dare do much to us unless he's rash enough to face a heavy penalty. He's got nothing against you, but he's dead sore on me for getting Miss Curtis away from him that night. The letter I received this evening from the housekeeper at the Roost told me that the girl is missing, and it is believed that Grinnidge succeeded in abducting her. It's my idea that she's somewhere aboard this schooner at the present moment. If I—hello! I believe they're getting the schooner under way."

"They are, for a fact," replied Andy, in some excitement. "We'll never get back to the academy to-night, at this rate."

"It doesn't look like it, I'm afraid. 'I'd like to know where they intend to take us. As Grinnidge is carrying us off against our wills he'll have to answer for our abduction. As for my uncle, Mr. Harrison will make things hot for him when I lay the case before him.'"

The two boys, however, were ignorant of the fate that was in store for them, and believed that it was only a question of a short time before they would get back to the school. And while they talked the matter over in the gloom of the forepeak, the Lively Polly slipped down the bay to the bar, and as the tide was sufficiently high, passed over it and headed down Massachusetts Bay.

CHAPTER XI.—In the Forepeak of the Lively Polly.

Faber Prescott had known Captain Joel Grinnidge many years, and neither knew anything particularly good of the other. When Faber Prescott was beaten out of the chance of securing the guardianship of his nephew, his tricky soul devised this plan of getting the boy out of the way for good. The death or complete vanishment of the heir-at-law would place him in direct line with the ultimate acquirement of the entire estate as surviving next of kin.

As soon as the idea suggested itself to him he sought out Captain Grinnidge and proposed that he assist him in carrying out the project, engaging to pay the skipper a large sum of money as soon as he came into possession of the property, which he persuaded the captain to believe would be soon.

Captain Grinnidge was not at first inclined to embark in such a hazardous speculation. When, however, he learned that Paul Prescott was the boy to whom he owed such a big grudge, he reconsidered the matter, and the two rascals came to an agreement. It was arranged that Captain Grinnidge should secure a cargo in Boston for Rio de Janeiro in order to cover the expenses of the trip to the South Pacific, where it was proposed to carry Paul, and in addition to that, Faber raised a sum sufficient to ensure a total

profit for the captain in case by any chance a cog slipped and the plot failed.

Before turning the trick on Paul, the skipper planned to recapture Dolly Curtis for the benefit of his wife, who was not, of course, going with him to sea. They gave up their house in Gloucester, and taking their furniture aboard of the schooner, sailed for the nearest point on the Merrimac River to the Prescott property. Then the skipper visited the Roost and demanded that the girl return to his wife's service. Finding that he could not secure Dolly by fair means, he resorted to underhand tactics, and, luck playing into his hands, he got away with the girl without being caught at it.

Mrs. Grinnidge, Dolly and the furniture were then transferred to a sloop, to be carried up the river to a certain New Hampshire town, where the captain's wife proposed to live, near her relatives, until her husband returned from his voyage to the South Pacific. The Lively Polly then returned to Gloucester Bay and anchored in a creek not far to the south of the town, where Captain Grinnidge communicated with Faber Prescott and the immediate abduction of Paul was arranged and consummated, with the success we have seen.

After passing the bar, the schooner was headed for Boston Harbor, where the cargo to be taken to South America was awaiting her. The two boys fell asleep during the trip down the bay, and did not awake until the schooner was hauling into the wharf.

"We seem to be making fast to a dock," said Andy, after they had listened to the sounds on deck, coupled with the fact that the vessel had come to a rest. "It's some place not so very far from Glo'ster. I wonder if we'll be let go soon?"

"I've an idea that we won't get off so easy as that," replied Paul. "You may be allowed to go free, but Captain Grinnidge is bound to try and get square with me. Besides, I suspect he's entered into some arrangement with my uncle to keep me away from Glo'ster."

"What good would that do your uncle? You're bound to get back some time."

"As I'm not a mind-reader, Andy, I can't solve the conundrum. There is no telling what scheme Mr. Prescott is up to. He must realize that I can make it very hot for him, after last night's developments. His only chance of avoiding trouble is to keep me from communicating with Lawyer Harrison."

Their conversation was interrupted by the removal of the scuttle cover above their heads and the appearance of the ugly features of the mate in the opening.

"Well, my hearties, how are yer feelin' this mornin'?" he grinned.

"How would you feel if you were in our places?" replied Paul, coldly.

The mate chuckled at the question. He sprang down into the hole, with a couple of strong pieces of rope in his hand. Approaching Paul first he tied the end of one of the ropes securely about his middle and the other end he made fast to a ring in the deck. He performed the same operation on Andy. Then he searched their pockets and removed their jackknives. After that he cut their arms loose. Their wrists were so numb that for some time there was no feeling in them.

"How d'ye like the change, eh?" he asked, with another grin.

"How long are we to be kept in this hole?" demanded Paul.

"Till to-morrow afternoon, I guess," replied the mate.

"It seems to me that Captain Grinnidge is laying a lot of trouble up for himself," said Paul.

"That's his business, not mine."

"You can tell him if he'll let us go now I'll promise not to prosecute him for what he has done so far, for I believe he's doing it to oblige my uncle. Mr. Prescott won't be able to save him when the time comes if he perseveres in his present course."

"Ye want me to tell him all that, do yer?" chuckled the mate.

"It will be to his advantage to know it."

"I'll tell him, but I don't calkerlate he'll let yer out of here till to-morrow, anyway. I s'pose yer both hungry by this time. I'll bring yer somethin' to eat soon."

Thus speaking, the mate, whose name the boys subsequently learned was Steve Cobb, sprang out of the forepeak and slammed down the scuttle after him. From Cobb's words, the boys got the impression that they would probably be let go on the following day, and that was some satisfaction at any rate; nevertheless, neither relished the idea of remaining prisoners in that dark hole for twenty-four or thirty hours longer.

Inside of half an hour Cobb brought them each a mess of rations similar to that served out to the three men composing the crew. While they were eating it they heard sounds on the other side of the bulkhead that separated them from the hold, which told them that the schooner was taking some kind of cargo on board. As the morning wore away they heard the whistles of tugboats and other marine noises so frequently that they soon understood that the schooner was moored at no small seaport.

The loading went on all day up to five o'clock, with an hour's intermission at noon, when Cobb brought them some dinner.

"We're in Boston harbor, ain't we?" Paul asked him.

"What makes yer think yer are?" growled the mate, with a frown.

"From the whistles of the tugs and the other sounds we have heard."

"Ye have sharp ears, I see."

"A person would have to be deaf not to hear what's going on in this neighborhood. Did you tell the captain what I said?"

"I told him."

"What did he say?" asked Paul, eagerly.

"Nothin'."

Paul was disappointed, and his face showed it.

"Been expectin' he'd let yer go I s'pose?" chuckled the mate.

"I thought he'd have sense enough to get out of a hole when he saw a good opening," replied the boy.

"Oh, ye did? I calkerlate the cap'n knows his business."

"All right," answered Paul. "It's up to him."

Cobb chuckled sardonically and presently left them alone. Night came at last, and with it their summer. The noisy sounds along the water front gradually lulled, and by and by nothing

reached their ears but the lap of the water against the schooner's sides. The boys talked together about their prospects of release next day, and finally fell asleep. They were awakened by the reappearance of the mate, with their breakfast.

Soon afterward the noises of the preceding day were resumed and the operations of loading the schooner were in full swing again. Her lading was completed about the middle of the afternoon, then a tug came alongside, was made fast, her hawsers were cast off from the wharf, and the imprisoned lads were soon conscious that the vessel was underway once more.

"This doesn't look as if we were going to be let go to-day," said Andy, in a tone of disgust.

"That's right; it doesn't," answered Paul, who now began to wonder when the end of their trouble would come.

CHAPTER XII.—The Road to the Pacific.

In the course of an hour or so the tug cast off and the Lively Polly, with all her canvas set to the smacking breeze, headed down the bay toward Boston Light. The boys so far had not suffered from the cold, as the weather, since they had been carried off from Gloucester, had been rather mild for that season of the year.

As night came on again the cold wind from the broad Atlantic began to make an icebox of the forepeak, and the chill penetrated through their overcoats, which they had not had a chance to take off since they put them on, just before leaving the academy for their visit to the Old Watch Tower on Gull Point.

"Say, we'll be turned into a pair of icicles before morning, I'm thinking," remarked Andy, slapping his legs and swinging his arms about in an effort to infuse a little warmth into his body.

"It is getting cold, for a fact," admitted Paul, adopting the same tactics.

"You can bet your life it is."

At that moment the scuttle was removed and Cobb appeared.

"The cap'n says yer to come out of this now," he said, with a chuckle.

"We've no objections," replied Paul, glad of any kind of a change.

Paul and Andy scrambled up without delay. The first thing they did was to cast their eyes about the darkening seascape, eager to make out just where they were. The schooner was bowling and rolling on the incoming surges of the big bay, with the dark sea line of the Atlantic before them. Boston light showed a short distance to the northeast.

"March aft," ordered Cobb. "Ye'll find the skipper on the break of the poop."

The boys walked aft and presently confronted Captain Grinnidge. He greeted them with a sardonic grin that was particularly malicious when his one uncovered eye rested on Paul Prescott.

"Now, ye lubber, I want ye to understand that I'm a man of few words, d'ye hear? While ye are aboard of this hooker ye've got to 'arn yer grub. If ye think I'll stand any foolin', just ye

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try me. Ye'll find that a rope's end or the soft side of a belayin' pin will soon put a clapper on yer jaw-tackle. Now, listen to me. This schooner is bound for Rio."

"Brazil!—South America?" fluttered Paul, while Andy nearly collapsed.

"That's what I said," roared Captain Grinnidge. "Now, mark me, ye've got to work yer way and stand watch same as the rest of the crew. I've shipped ye both, and by the lord Harry, if ye attempt to skulk ye'll have cause to wish ye had never been born. Now ye know what ye have to expect. Take 'em below, Cobb, and rig' 'em out of the slopchest. Then make 'em turn to and do their duty. That's all I've got to say."

Captain Grinnidge turned on his heel and walked to the wheel, while the stunned boys followed the mate into the small forecabin, where a pair of vacant berths were pointed out to them and they were told to slip out of their overcoats and shore-going suits and don the garments more suitable to their new, enforced calling.

They obeyed, in a dazed kind of way, and by that time tea was ready. They ate what was put before them with about the same relish that men about to be hanged partake of their last meal on earth. All hands were then called on deck, when the ceremony of dividing the little crew into watches was gone through with. Paul and two others formed the captain's watch; while Andy, with the remaining two, constituted the mate's watch. The captain's watch remained on deck, while the other went below until their time came to relieve the others. Thus the boys found themselves separated at a moment when they most desired the comfort of companionship. Clearly, they were up against it hard. We will pass over the severe experience that fell to their lot until the Lively Polly sighted the coast of Brazil, and passing Sugar Loaf Mountain entered the bay of Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful, secure and spacious harbors in the world. By this time they had learned, in a hard school, the rudiments of seamanship, and were able to perform their allotted duties as well as any of their companions.

It was a fine afternoon when the schooner opened up Rio de Janeiro Bay, and all hands were on deck. The passage was about a mile wide and was guarded by granite mountains. On the whole, the boys were delighted at the chance thus afforded them to inspect a foreign port.

"There's the city, yonder," ejaculated Andy, who was leaning over the port bulwark beside Paul.

"I see it," replied his chum. "Looks funny, doesn't it—a whole cluster of white houses with vermilion roofs. Just like a painted scene in a play."

The houses crowned seven green and mound-like hills, and spread out through the intervening valleys. The Lively Polly came to anchor in the roadstead, and then a boat was lowered and Captain Grinnidge went ashore. Next morning the schooner was taken to a wharf and in the afternoon began discharging her cargo. That operation was finished next day, and then Captain Grinnidge succeeded in securing a consignment

of goods for Montevideo, which would add to the profits of his trip South.

Paul and Andy supposed the cargo was intended for the United States, and no one undertook to deceive them. They were carefully watched while the vessel remained at her wharf, and the skipper was tickled to learn that they showed no disposition to desert the craft. The rest of the crew were given shore leave, and they put in a similar request.

Captain Grinnidge finally permitted them to inspect the city under the guidance of the mate, who saw to it that neither got out of his sight. At last the schooner pulled out into the stream, and next morning at daylight sailed for the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Paul and Andy were unpleasantly surprised when the Lively Polly's head was turned to the southward, for that course was taking them further than ever from home.

"I thought we were going back to the United States," said Paul, to Steve Cobb.

The mate grinned.

"Not yet," he answered. "The cap'n found a profitable cargo for Montevideo, and we're going there first."

Paul hunted Andy up and told him where they were bound.

"What's the odds," replied Andy. "We might as well see a little of the world while we're about it. We'll have some good yarns to tell the fellows when we get back to school. Now that we've got used to roughing it, a little extra experience won't do us any harm."

So Paul's disappointment wore off, and as Captain Grinnidge had long since got tired of knocking him around for nothing, seeing that the boy had developed into a useful as well as willing hand to whom he had nothing to pay for services rendered, he, as well as Andy, looked forward with much interest to their approaching introduction to the capital of the Republic of Uruguay. In due time the schooner anchored off Montevideo, which is situated on a small peninsula on the north shore of the Rio de la Plata, at a point where this estuary is sixty miles wide. The houses composing the town looked rather insignificant, for they were mostly of one story, with flat roofs.

"Gee! I don't think much of this place," said Andy. "There's only half a dozen decent-looking buildings in the whole town, as far as we can see from here. One of them seems to be a church."

Paul agreed with his chum that the general effect was rather disappointing. On the following day the schooner hauled in to a dock and her cargo was soon out of her. Captain Grinnidge was offered a cargo of hides to carry to New York, but declined, because he wasn't bound in that direction. Instead, he took a load of ballast aboard, and then struck out southward once more.

"Where the dickens are we bound now?" was Paul's surprised inquiry of the mate, when he found that the Lively Polly was heading down the South American coast again.

"We're bound for the Pacific, my hearty," chuckled Steve Cobb.

"Whereabouts on the Pacific?"

"You'll have to ask the skipper," replied the mate.

Paul, however, knew better than to do that. That night he and Andy held a pow-wow on the subject, and the only conclusion they could arrive at was that it was likely to be a long day before they saw Gloucester again.

"I can see my uncle's fine hand in this, Andy," said Paul. "When he found out that Captain Grinnidge was going on a long voyage, he paid the rascal to spirit me away, maybe in the hope that I'd fall overboard some night and thus make an opening for him to succeed to my father's property. Oh, he's foxy all right—about as slick as they come. But he's going to be disappointed. I'm not going to fall overboard if I can help myself. I'll get back some day, and then I won't do a thing to him."

"He's a big rascal, if he is your uncle," replied Andy. "I'll bet if he was in charge of the Roost at this moment he'd sit up half the night listening for that old bell on the roof to tell him, by its three strokes, that you had passed in your checks."

"Not unlikely. Maybe he's arranged with one of our neighbors to let him know if the bell should ring, so he'd have advance information of my death, and be able to put in his claim for the property all the sooner."

"I believe you."

The schooner hugged the coast all the way down, and about six days later entered the Strait of Magellan. A fair wind carried her through the difficult passage of 300 miles in something like twenty-four hours, and then the Lively Polly's nose was pushed out into the blue waters of the broad South Pacific. Paul and Andy were now fast approaching the end of their journey in the schooner, though fortunately for their peace of mind they were unconscious of the fate arranged for them through the villainy of Faber Prescott and the connivance of Captain Grinnidge.

CHAPTER XIII.—Wrecked On Coral Island.

It was now about the middle of March, a matter of three months since they left Boston Harbor, and the Lively Polly was some distance out on the Pacific. They had seen some rough weather soon after leaving the Strait behind them, but the schooner had rode it out, like a duck. Shortly after three o'clock one afternoon the sky grew overcast by a gathering haze, which at last shut the sun out altogether. About this time they fell in with shifting banks of fog, blowing before the wind, the like of which Paul and Andy had never seen before.

Every now and then the wind would sweep these banks away, rolling them up before it, and for a little while there would be a clear space around the schooner for perhaps a mile or more. Paul was on duty, and was standing his trick at the wheel, while Andy was below, laying off on his bunk.

"This is the greatest sight I ever saw," thought the boy. "At one time we're sailing across a stretch of water that looks like a big lake, with dull banks of snow all around, and then, almost without warning, we plunge headforemost into whirling clouds of mist, so thick that the leaden sea alongside can barely be seen. Suppose while we're engulfed in the fog a big ship was to

run into us, what would happen to us? I'm afraid to think of it. We'd be run down and sunk so quick that we'd hardly know what struck us. I wish the weather would clear up."

At that moment Andy came on deck. The captain, whose turn it was to be on deck, had stepped below to take a drink, for the misty weather made the atmosphere raw and chilly. The other two men were supposed to be keeping a sharp lookout ahead, from the bows. The schooner at the moment was sailing across one of the open spaces, but rapidly approaching another fog bank.

"Andy," called Paul, "I wish you'd step forward and see that the men are keeping a bright lookout ahead. We'll strike another fog bank in a few minutes, and I shan't feel easy in mind till we've got on the other side of it."

"All right," replied Andy, and forward he went.

He found the men were wide awake to their job, and they remained looking ahead into the gray curtain they were about to plunge into. It seemed to him just as if the schooner was rushing up against an impalpable kind of wall, and the sensation was rather terrifying. Just as the Polly's bowsprit was about to pierce the mist, Andy happened to glance over the port bow, and then he saw a sight that fairly staggered him. A big, full-rigged ship, under all sail, came out of the fog so suddenly that it seemed as if it had sprung right into being, then and there.

The eddying foam about her cut-water testified to her great speed. And she was bearing straight down across the port bow of the Lively Polly. Ten seconds more and she would have crushed into the schooner's bows as though it were made of cardboard. One of the lookout men saw her at the same moment, and he gave a gasp of fear. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and he couldn't utter a sound.

Andy, however, pulled himself out of his trance, and with a terrible, warning cry yelled:

"Hard a starboard, Paul! Hard a starboard for your life!"

Paul heard the ringing shout, and instantly obeyed the order, and he saw the danger at the same moment. The captain also saw it as he sprang up the companion-ladder, and he turned the color of death, grasping the side of the opening to steady himself against the shock that seemed to be coming. The two hands below and the mate came tumbling up in a panic, for Andy's cry rang fore and aft, like a trumpet call of danger.

The schooner's head wore around, as if she were on a pivot, so easily did she answer her helm, and to this fact was due her salvation. She came up into the wind without a second to lose, and the monster ship passed so close to the low schooner that it seemed that one of the lookouts might have touched the swell of her sides with his hand. It was all over in less than fifteen seconds, but those fifteen seconds had held the fate of the Lively Polly and all on board in their grasp.

Andy's quick cry and correct order, backed up by Paul's instant action, had saved the little vessel, and none recognized the fact better than Captain Grinnidge. He looked ghastly when he turned and stared at Paul, and then the schooner plunged into the fog bank and everything became

unreal looking aboard the vessel. The schooner finally got clear of the fog belt, much to Paul's relief, and to that of all on board as well.

Before that happened, however, the watch had been changed, but Paul wouldn't go below until a clear sea opened out before the Polly.

"That was a mighty close shave we had, old chap," said Andy to him, as they stood by the starboard bulwark.

"Don't mention it, Andy. I haven't got over it yet," replied Paul, with a very serious countenance.

"I'll bet the ghostly bell ringer of the Roost was at his post with his hand on the clapper ready to give those three rings," said Andy, with an uneasy laugh.

"If he was, you and I disappointed him at the last minute. We couldn't very well have had a narrower squeak for our lives. The port of missing ships would have claimed us, and our fate would have been another ocean mystery."

Whatever Captain Grinnidge may have said to his mate about their narrow escape, he did not tender either Paul or Andy a word of commendation for their praiseworthy action in that terrible emergency. Nor did Stephen Cobb testify his appreciation of their conduct, either. With the four members of the crew it was different. These chaps, not overscrupulous at the best, who had at first regarded the boys as useless additions to the schooner's complement, and had hazed them to a considerable extent, especially on passing the line or equator, had gradually become friendly with Paul and Andy.

Now realizing that the lads had saved the schooner and all on board, they were not slow in giving them due credit for the performance. Thereafter Paul and Andy had no cause to complain of rough treatment at their hands, and all went well on board for the next two weeks. Then the weather changed for the worse, and when Paul came on deck one morning at about half-past six, and joined Andy, who had been on duty since four o'clock, he found that the wind had increased to half a gale. The sky was heavy and leaden, and the sea was the same color, with the dull, sodden look of molten metal.

"The mate says that the barometer indicates a heavy gale, and that this is only the beginning of it," said Andy.

"Well, I guess the Polly can ride it out all right," replied Paul, confidently. "She's already shown what she can do in dirty weather."

The gale continued to get more weight in it as the morning advanced, and when Paul was called to relieve the man at the wheel at four bells (ten o'clock), in the forenoon watch the wind was blowing hard and furious, and the seas were running very high.

The schooner, however, behaved splendidly under closely reefed canvas, rising and falling with the action of the water, like a cork. All day long the gale continued and, if anything, getting worse, the schooner being put under bare poles, with nothing showing but a bit of jib to steady her head. As night fell, the storm increased with a sudden and heavy squall.

"Things look pretty fierce," said Andy to his chum. "This is the worst we've been up against

since we came afloat. If it can blow any harder I'd like to know."

"I've read about worse storms than this, but I don't want to see one," replied Paul, with a serious look. "If one of those huge waves following us ever got aboard we'd stand a good show of being swamped."

"That's right," admitted Andy. "I don't see how we escape them."

"We escape because we always ride just out of reach on the wave ahead."

Every few minutes it seemed as if they were about to be engulfed by a great concave body of water, rushed stern on, yet such is the peculiar methodical action of the sea that the schooner always escaped the wave behind, with the regularity of clockwork. The roar of the tempest went on all through the night, which was pitch dark. All around the vessel were seas, ten or fifteen feet high, shining with phosphorescent crests, moving forward with their black weight of thousand of tons of solid water. The spectacle was a terrifying one for the boys, who hardly expected to see the morning light again. With the coming of daylight, the gale broke, the sky looked clear in patches, and the spirits of all on board revived.

"We'll come out of this all right," said Andy, breaking into a cheerful grin. "When we get back to school we'll have a whole lot to——"

"Land close aboard on the port bow!" roared the man who was on the lookout, forward. "Hard a starboard!"

The helmsman pushed against the wheel and the schooner began to slowly respond, when a heavy wave struck her bows and threw her back. Another wave came aboard forward, while a third smashed in her starboard bulwark at the waist, and for a moment confusion reigned on the little craft. At the same time she was carried forward with resistless speed by the water directly at the low mass ahead, which the lookout had recognized as land.

The mate sprang to assist the man at the wheel, but before their united strength could be brought to bear on the rudder chains a grating jar shook the vessel from stem to stern—it was the breaking off of the coral trees which grew below, like forests under water. Again the schooner grated, and more harshly, then struck on a higher bunch of the coral, and then as the waves lifted her over the obstruction she struck with great violence further on and heeled over. All hands were on deck at the moment, the captain on the poop near the mate and steersman. A great wave came aboard diagonally amidships and swept every soul to the leeward into the yeasty foam, while the succeeding wave lifted the doomed Polly once more and cast her many yard ahead, where she now remained at the mercy of the sea, firmly fixed, fore and aft, upon a bed of coral rocks.

CHAPTER XIV.—A. Gruesome Discovery.

Captain, mate and crew of the ill-fated Lively Polly had been cast into a whirling sea, bristling with jagged masses of coral against which all but Paul and Andy were hurled inside of a very few moments, and went down, to rise no more. A

special Providence, however, seemed to guide the progress of the two boys, and, escaping the perils of the coral reef, which surrounded the entire island, with the exception of a narrow break on the opposite side, they were cast, breathless and dazed, on the sandy shore of the island proper, a quarter of a mile from the spot on which the schooner had rested her devoted keel. For some ten minutes Paul lay stretched out, weak and exhausted on the beach, with the water half submerging his body, as each wave rolled up on the sand. Then he slowly pulled himself together, and finally sat up and looked around. The first thing he noticed was Andy lying on his back a couple of yards away. He crawled over and shook him.

"Andy, Andy!" he cried, in a husky voice.

His chum opened his eyes and looked at him in a bewildered fashion. Then he began to strike out mechanically, as though he thought he was still in the water. The ridiculous figure he cut on the sand, like some huge new species of crab, caused Paul to laugh outright.

"Hold on, old chap, you're not in the water any longer," he said.

Andy spit out a mouthful of wet sand and ceased moving his limbs. Then he scrambled to his knees and the two boys gazed into each other's faces.

"Where are we, anyway?" asked Andy, spitting out more sand.

Then they got on their feet. They saw a long, low, sloping beach covered with white sand that had been washed up on a coral foundation by the continual beating of the surf. Up and down the length of the shore, and following in a line with the beach, was a ridge of sand hills. A number of scrub bushes, interspersed with palm trees, grew along the crest of this ridge. The chain of sand hills made a sudden turn in either direction, and not far from where they fell away to the westward on the level of the beach was a thick growth of underbrush, with half a dozen palms growing in the midst of it. To the seaward lay the outer ring of coral reef, with the wreck of the Lively Polly perched upon it, her bowsprit pointing skyward.

"Are we the only ones who came ashore?" asked Andy, looking up and down the shore in a vain attempt to single out one or more of their late shipmates.

"It looks as if we're all that's left of the schooner's complement," replied Paul.

"And what shall we do here—starve?" asked Andy, dolefully.

"I hope not," answered Paul. "Let's walk down the shore."

When they reached the thicket where the palm trees sprang up they found a spring of cool water bubbling up out of the white sand. It flowed away through a stretch of thick grass and sedge, toward the interior of the island.

"We shan't want for fresh water, at any rate," said Paul, after taking a long drink, in which he was joined by Andy.

"That's lucky," replied his companion. "Now, if we only can find some fruits or shell we may be able to worry along until a sail comes in sight and we are taken off."

They followed the course of the stream until they discovered that it emptied into a good-sized circular lake. Then they started to follow the edge of the lake. The sun was now out in an almost cloudless sky, and the late storm had fined down to a comparatively gentle breeze. The curcular spit of shore they were traversing was quite narrow, bounded by the lake on one side and the ocean, with the reef between, on the other. It was covered with low vegetation, through which sprouted many palms. When they reached a point nearly opposite to where they started from they found further progress cut off by a narrow inlet, which made in from the sea.

"That settles it, we can't go any further in this direction," said Paul. "The island seems to be a ring of sand and coral, with a single break at this point, the whole surrounded by an outer reef of the same shape."

"There doesn't appear to be any kind of tree but palms, and they haven't any fruit on them," said Andy.

"They're all young palms, judging from their height, and I've read that when young the center of the palm is soft, often containing a quantity of starch or sago, which I imagine ought to be good to eat. I dare say the outer reef is covered with barnacles, and they always attract fish."

"But we can't reach the outer reef without swimming and if we swam there, how could we catch the fish?"

"A fellow can do lots of things when driven to it by necessity. Now if the schooner holds together for a while we can swim out to her as soon as the water gets smoother, and then maybe we'll be able to get at some of her stores, though I have no great hopes of such a thing."

"S'pose we did—how could we get them ashore if the boats are stove, as I guess they are?"

"Why, we could make a rough raft out of wreckage held together by rope."

"That's so," said Andy. "Hello!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Look yonder. Blessed if there isn't a small sailboat making direct for this island, and only one person aboard of her."

Paul followed the direction of his outstretched arm, and sure enough there was a cat-rigged boat, her mainsail bellying out to the breeze, steering right for the entrance in the outer reef.

"I wonder who that can be?" asked Andy. "Who the dickens could be navigating the wide ocean in such a cockle-shell? Why, the late storm would have sent her to the bottom in no time at all."

"I don't care who it is. He's welcome. The more the merrier, for company's sake."

They watched the stranger approach with eager interest and anticipation. The little boat soon shot through the opening in the reef, crossing the intervening ring of water, and drew close to the inlet.

"Why, it's a boy!" cried Andy, in astonishment.

As soon as the sailboat entered the lagoon her occupant perceived them, waved his hand several times and headed the craft for the beach. Paul and Andy walked down to the water's edge to greet the newcomer.

"Hello!" cried Paul. "Glad to see you."

"Same here," came back the reply.

He dropped the sail and the boat ran her nose

up on the beach. The new boy stepped ashore and grasped Paul's extended hand, and then Andy's.

"My name is Jeff Waldron," he said. "Jeff is short for Jefferson. What's your names?"

"Mine is Paul Prescott, and this is my chum, Andy Owens. We were wrecked this morning on the other side of the island. Our schooner, hailing from Boston, Mass., went onto the outer reef, and all but us were lost. We were just exploring the place when we saw you coming this way. Where did you spring from, anyway, in that little boat?"

"From another island to the southeast. Got there from another island still further east. There's a whole string of these islands running for many miles. I was blown off shore from a big island to the northwest—one of the Fiji group—where my father is located as a missionary. I was trying to find my way back by easy stages, but ain't sure if I can do it. I'm real glad to meet you fellows, for it's lonesome work sailing around by one's self."

"Well, let's cross in your boat to the other side of this lake," said Paul. "There's nothing doing on this side."

"All right. Hop aboard."

Paul and Andy stepped into the sailboat, Waldron followed, hauled up the sail and away they shot for the other side, to a point about midway of the lagoon, where a thick clump of bushes and palm trees attracted their attention, for Andy said he saw what looked to be the roof of a house there. It didn't take them long to cross, and while Jeff Waldron was securing the boat so she wouldn't float away, Paul and Andy started for the thicket.

"There is a house there for sure," said Andy, in some excitement. "Can't you see the wall through the trees?"

"I do," replied his chum. Hello! That looks like a man, with his hand extended."

"So it does. Some shipwrecked chap like ourselves. And maybe there are more of them in the house."

"I don't like the looks of that fellow. I wonder what he's pointing at so steadily. If there are more like him they may make trouble for us. I'm going back to get Waldron's rifle that I saw in the bottom of the boat. Nothing like putting up a bold front."

Andy waited till Paul got the gun.

"He's still pointing," said Andy. "I've watched him ever since you were away and I'm willing to swear that he hasn't stirred an inch."

"That's strange. Maybe it isn't a man after all."

"Yes, it is. Don't you see his hat and cloak flying in the wind?"

"I do. He's holding something in his fist. He certainly is acting mighty strange. Just like a cigar store sign. Come on. We'll soon see what's the matter with him."

Paul and Andy advanced upon the motionless figure.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Paul, when he got close enough to look the gruesome object squarely in the face. "It's a skeleton!"

"A skeleton!" palpitated Andy, turning pale. "Oh, Lor', so it is!"

CHAPTER XV.—The House of Death.

It was certainly a horrible-looking object, and what was stranger still was the fact that its gloved hand held a rusted revolver, pointed straight ahead. It looked menacing enough in good truth, but as there was no life in it the terrifying aspect of the figure was soon lost on the boys. As Paul walked up to it his attention was attracted to an open box on the ground. It was half full of tarnished coins, through which sprouted the noses of several fat-looking bags.

"What's this?" he ejaculated. "Money?"

At that moment Andy stepped up beside him and was equally amazed at what he saw in the box. While they were gazing at what appeared to be a kind of treasure trove they were joined by Jeff Waldron, who, like themselves, had been momentarily staggered by the skeleton figure.

"Hello!" cried Andy at that moment. "Just look at what's painted on the door of that house. 'A House of Death. Do Not Enter Here.' Now, wouldn't that jar you?"

"With a skull and cross-bones on top," said Paul. "Some big bluff, I guess."

"This money is no bluff, at any rate," said Andy, who was examining a handful of it. "They're foreign gold coin. I wonder how much is here? A good many thousand dollars, I'll bet. We're lucky."

"There's over \$15,000 worth in that box."

"That's \$5,000 apiece," said Andy. "I never saw that much in my life before."

"Well, let's investigate this house of death," said Paul. "We want a covered place to sleep. That ought to be just the thing."

"I'm not stuck on sleeping in a morgue," chuckled Andy.

"How do you know it's a morgue?" said Paul, advancing to the door, and striking it a heavy blow with the butt of the rifle.

The door swung inward and the three boys gathered around the entrance. A ghastly spectacle met their eyes. No less than eight skeletons lay sprawled about in every conceivable attitude. Their garments were nearly all rotted away, exposing the bones with grisly effect. Clearly, they had been there for many years, showing, with the presence of the uncovered gold in the box outside, that the island had not been visited by any one in a very long time. The boys had tumbled upon a strange and horrible mystery that betokened either murder or starvation; but presumably the latter. The presence of the propped-up skeleton without, and the warning sign on the door didn't seem to jibe exactly with the starvation theory. Yet if one or more companions of the dead men had escaped from the island, after doing up their companions, why hadn't they carried the gold off with them. No matter how one tried to figure up the case the element of mystery still remained. And the chances were it would always remain a mystery.

"There's a spade over in the corner," said Paul. "We'll perform a Christian duty to these poor relics and bury their bones outside, then, as a recompense for the labor, we'll take possession of the house."

Waldron showed no reluctance to assisting in the funeral operations, and so Paul got the spade

and told Andy he would appoint his chief gravedigger, while Waldron and himself performed the office of undertakers. The skeletons all went to pieces, and Paul shoveled their remains into the hole. The grave was then filled in and a mound raised above it. Two big pieces of coral formed the head and foot stones, and the ceremony was over.

"I wish I had something to eat about this time," said Andy, wiping his forehead.

"I think we had better sail out and see what's left of the schooner," said Paul. "It is possible we may be able to find something in the galley to eat. That part of her, I guess, is still hanging to the reef."

So the boys adjourned to the sailboat, her mainsail was hoisted and she was headed out of the lagoon into the now comparatively calm water between the island and the outer reef. They were soon alongside the wreck of the Lively Polly. The stern of the schooner as far as the break of the trunk cabin was entirely submerged, but the balance of the craft was above the present reach of the sea. One of her boats was still intact.

"We'll cut that loose by and by," said Paul.

The three boys then entered the small fore-castle and galley. Here, to their great satisfaction, they found more than enough to satisfy their appetites for several days. They sat around on the bunks and made a good meal, after which they felt a great deal better. They carried everything of an edible order on board the sailboat. Then they cut loose and launched the quarter-boat and filled her with such odds and ends of marine stuff as they thought worth while bringing ashore. Tying the painter of the rowboat to the stern of the sailboat, they returned to the place in the lagoon whence they had set out.

Andy had thought to bring an old broom from the schooner and he used it to sweep over the top layer of sand in the house, after which they removed everything from the boats to the building. Paul had also brought a small, empty-meal-bag, and in this he tied up all the loose coin in the box. During the afternoon Andy and Waldron went to the outer reef in the sailboat to try and catch a mess of fish for supper. While they were away, Paul carried a small keg they had brought from the wreck to the spring in the thicket, and filled it with cold water. On his return he carried it into the hut and threw it down in a corner.

It was tolerably heavy, now that it was filled with water, and when it struck the sand something happened that brought a gasp of surprise to the boy's lips. Instead of making a dent in the soft flooring and lying there, it crashed through the sand, as through paper, and disappeared, leaving a gaping hole exposed.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

"Well, if that doesn't beat anything I ever saw before," ejaculated Paul, looking at the hole. "I wonder what other mystery is connected with this house?"

Naturally he decided to investigate the matter. So he struck a match and flashed it down into the hole. The barrel lay less than a foot below the surface of the floor. It was resting on an ordi-

nary sailor's chest. Paul stepped down into the hole and lifted the barrel out, then he examined the lid of the chest. He found that it was not secured, and raised it without trouble. The inside of the chest was literally packed with bags of what seemed to be money, for they were counterparts of the bags of coin lying in the open box outside.

Paul took one of them out, undid the string that secured the mouth and poured its contents out on the sandy floor. It was gold money of a Spanish coinage of seventy-five years since.

"Whew! There must be a mint of money in that chest. A regular harvest of gold. This must be some piratical treasure trove for fair. Supposing each of these bags to contain \$4,000 or \$5,000, the top layer alone would amount to over \$100,000. At that rate there is more than half a million in gold coin here. Won't Andy and Waldron be surprised? If we can manage to get this money back to civilization the three of us will be independently rich. I suppose I'm entitled to a full half by right of discovery. That would give Andy and Waldron over \$100,000 apiece as their share. Those dead chaps we found in here must have had some connection with this money. Probably that sign was put on the door by one or more of the men who got away after perhaps murdering the others. No doubt they could not carry the money off at the time, not having the means of doing so. But they intended to come back after it later on, and put that sign on the door, and that scarecrow outside, to frighten away any chance visitor to the island. Still, why should they have left that partly filled box of money outside, exposed to any one's view? That fact seems to upset my theory of the matter. Well, I'm not going to puzzle my head over it. The question we'll have to solve is how to get away from the island and carry this treasure with us. As far as I can figure up the situation we'll be lucky if we can get safely away ourselves without trying to carry the money."

Paul returned the coins to the bag and sat down outside to await the return of his companions. They got back in the course of an hour, with quite a bunch of fish.

"Who says we haven't been lucky?" said Andy, in high glee, exhibiting the fish.

"Yes, you've been quite lucky in your way; but for real downright good luck you are not in it even a little bit with me."

"What do you mean?" asked Andy, in a perplexed tone.

"Well, you two have spent a couple of hours capturing a dozen moderate-sized fish, while I didn't spend any time to speak of capturing half a million dollars in gold."

"What are you talking about?"

"You heard what I said, didn't you?"

"Sure I heard it, and it is a pretty good tom-fool story for you."

"If it was a tom-fool story I couldn't prove it. Now I can prove my words. Just come into the hut, both of you, with me and see what lies down in a hole which I found in a corner."

He led the way and they followed, wonderingly.

When Paul showed them the contents of the bag he had taken from the chest, and then the chest itself, the two lads nearly had the blind

staggers. Andy executed a kind of Indian war dance.

"What are you getting so excited about, Andy," said Waldron. "We don't come in on this. Prescott found the stuff, and, by rights, it all belongs to him."

Then Andy looked glum.

"No," answered Paul. "I'm going to divide up. Say, one-half for me and a quarter each for you two. Is that satisfactory?"

Andy and Waldron both declared that Paul was too generous, seeing that he had found the chest of money without any help from them.

"That don't make any difference. The money in the box outside is to be divided in even thirds; that in the chest in the hole just as I told you. Now then, we've got to put our heads together in order to see how we can manage to get the money away with us from the island. Remember that half a million in gold weighs pretty considerably. Why, that \$15,000 outside is a pretty good weight of itself for one man to carry any distance."

The boys postponed further consideration of the subject until they had cooked and eaten their supper, then they took the matter up again. The result of their deliberation failed to produce any practical results, and the matter was abandoned for the time being. Next day, under Paul's directions, they visited the wreck and brought away a lot of boards, together with the carpenter kit. During the afternoon they employed themselves making a lot of small boxes to hold four bags of the coin. Altogether, it took fifty boxes to hold all the money. Next morning, to their surprise and delight, a brig anchored off the island and a boat came ashore, with the second mate of the brig, to look for fresh water. The newcomers were surprised to find the three boys on the island. Paul explained their presence there and pointed out the fresh water spring to the mate.

The boys learned that the brig was en route from Sidney, Australia, to San Francisco, with a cargo of coal. Paul, after a conference with the mate, went on board the brig to see the captain and try to arrange for their passage to California. He had no great trouble in coming to an agreement when he stated that he and Andy were willing, and fairly competent, to work their passage before the mast, while it was agreed that Waldron should act as cabin boy, without pay. Then came the question of securing transportation of the fifty small, heavy boxes, the character of whose contents Paul would not state. The captain agreeing to take them along, they were carried off in four trips of the sailboat.

The quarter-boat and the sailboat were then turned over to the captain, and as soon as her water-casks had been replenished the brig hauled up her anchor and continued on her voyage to the Pacific Coast of the United States, where she duly arrived, without encountering any particularly rough weather.

The first thing that Paul did was to telegraph to Lawyer Harrison, while Andy wired his parents. The next thing was to dispose of the old Spanish gold coin, which they succeeded in getting rid of to the sub-treasury of the United States at its current value of old gold. It netted them a little over half a million, of which Paul took an order on Boston for \$250,000; Andy an order for

\$125,000, while Jeff Waldron received his share in government notes.

Paul and his chum parted from Waldron, who wanted to rejoin his father as soon as possible, and took a train for the East. Lawyer Harrison and Andy's father were on hand at the Boston & Albany depot at Boston to meet the boys on their arrival in that city. Almost Paul's first eager inquiry was about Dolly Curtis. Mr. Harrison made Paul feel good by telling him that Dolly had returned to the Roost a month after her disappearance. Paul and Lawyer Harrison, with Andy and his father, took a train for Gloucester on the afternoon of the day of their arrival in Boston. The former two lost no time in going out to the Old Watch Tower to see if the missing will still reposed inside of the crack in the stone flooring of the second story of the tower. To their intense satisfaction the will was there and was easily recovered. Mr. Harrison recognized it as the one he had drawn up for Paul's father.

"I guess my uncle will be rather surprised to see me turn up safe and sound, when he probably imagines that I am many thousands of miles away on board the late schooner Lively Polly," chuckled Paul.

"He has laid himself liable to arrest and prosecution for aiding and abetting in your abduction," said the lawyer; "as well as conspiracy in the matter of your father's will. It remains with you to say whether I shall proceed against him at once. He is almost certain to be convicted and sent to State prison."

"No," replied Paul, "it would be against my dead father's wishes to bring this disgrace on the family name. Call on him and tell him that his treachery has been brought to light and that his game is up for good and all."

"Very well," replied Mr. Harrison.

Faber Prescott was located by the lawyer in Boston. We will not refer to the interview that took place between them. It is enough to know that Faber and his son, after receiving their legacies under the will, disappeared and were not again heard of by Paul or Mr. Harrison. They confessed that they had hired a man to ring the bell in the tower on the night Paul's father died, and it was concluded that the former ringing of the bell had been done by human hands.

Paul duly entered Harvard College a year later than the time originally set, and Andy Owens went with him. Both graduated together at the end of the four years course, at the age of twenty-three. Immediately afterward there was a wedding at the Roost, when Dolly Curtis became mistress of the place, much to the satisfaction of the old housekeeper, who had come to regard her as an adopted and much-loved daughter. Paul retained all the old servants, as a matter of course, over whom Tom Hazard reigned as majordomo or steward, and the property was much improved, while its young owner took his place as the richest and most important resident of West Newbury, all of which was due to his discovery of A Harvest of Gold; or, The Buried Treasure of Coral Island.

Next week's issue will contain "ON THE CURB; or, BEATING THE WALL STREET BROKERS."

CURRENT NEWS

SHOW TIGER KILLS WOMAN

A man-eating tiger killed a Filipino woman, member of a traveling carnival, when she entered its cage, as she had been doing during her several months with the show. The tiger seized her by the throat, crushing out her life before a guard could shoot.

A Filipino riding on the carnival Ferris wheel leaped thirty feet to the ground and received probably fatal injuries.

GIRL BITES ROBBER; SAVES BANK'S \$600

Miss Esther Pecoraro, eighteen, clerk in the Italian private bank of her father, Gennaro Pecoraro, Springfield, Mass., frustrated a robber with her teeth. The man seized a handbag, in which she was taking more than \$600 to a national bank, and ran into an alley.

She chased the robber, who stumbled and fell. Leaping on him, she bit the man's hand and forced him to drop the bag and run.

TOY BALLOON MAKES TRIP

A small toy balloon released from the top of the Newman Store Building, Arkansas City, Kan., by Weston Ayres brought the following reply to a note attached to the balloon:

"Your balloon arrived here some time during the night. I found it in the city park about 8 o'clock this morning. Please write me when you started it, and oblige, Loretta Uhlenbrock, Ulm, Ark.

"P. S.—This town is located about sixty miles east of Little Rock and about eight miles north-east of Stuggart, Ark."

The balloon was released in Arkansas City on the evening before it was found at Ulm, so that the trip of approximately 500 miles was made in twelve hours or less.

The balloon was filled with hydrogen.

GIANTS POPULAR

Giants, seemingly, make just as much of a hit with modern women as do "sheiks." This apparently has been demonstrated recently in Berlin by Van Albert, the celebrated Dutch colossus, who has been daily strolling along Unter den Linden with an army of women in pursuit. Van Albert stands more than 8 feet high, without his shoes, and towers so far above all other men that they seem pigmies.

Women and children regard Van Albert with much more imagination than the men, says the Berlin newspapers, which advance the theory that the scores of women that follow the giant every time he leaves his motorcar recall the legend of the giant in the Muggel Hills, near Berlin, who is supposed to have kidnaped Lady Bertna.

SWEDISH RAILROADS GIVE UP FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER CARE

Railway companies in Sweden have decided to abolish first-class traveling accommodations and offer only second and third class to the public. The government owns most of the railroads in Sweden, and as early as 1900 began to eliminate

the first-class accommodations, as there was very little difference between first- and second-class arrangements.

Several years ago second- and third-class sleepers were provided on government lines, and now the few operating private companies have offered similar facilities with the announcement they also are abandoning first class.

LETTER SAVES WOMAN FROM POTTER'S FIELD

A letter, ten years old and yellow from age, averted burial in the Potter's Field for Mrs. Loretta Downs, forty-four, a member of a well-to-do family of De Witt, Ia., who died recently in the Sunset Sanitarium, No. 1503 Poplar street, Denver, Col., after she had collapsed in the waiting-room of the Union station.

Following death her body was removed to an undertaking establishment to await the arrival of her husband, who, she said, was on his way there by automobile. When he failed to arrive, officials of the mortuary searched her belongings and discovered the letter, which had been mailed to her by Attorney P. H. Judge of Denver ten years ago.

The letter stated that the estate of her father, Patrick Gorman of De Witt, had been administered and that part of the \$60,000 included in the estate was inclosed.

Relatives were informed of her death and money was sent for the return of her body to De Witt for burial.

MUSEUM FOR YOSEMITE

The first branch of the museum to be erected in Yosemite National Park, California, has just been completed. It is called Glacier Point Lookout and has been erected under appropriation of the Laura Spelman-Rockefeller Memorial. Glacier Point Lookout is one of the units of the central museum, plans for which have been officially approved.

Yosemite is the preserve of the famous redwoods, and its museum will reveal to the visitor what he can find in the park and show him how he can improve his opportunities for nature study. The Museum News, published by the American Association of Museums, says:

"The circuit will begin with topography, followed by the geological story, life zones (correlating birds, mammals; trees, flowers, etc.) natural history (temporary), ethnology and history. The building must be fireproof in order to house the priceless historical and ethnological relics that have been collected, as well as the invaluable books of the Mather Library."

The first story of the central building will be a stone shell—virtually a fireproof vault. On this will be built a second story of logs to harmonize with other park buildings. An interesting feature of the plan is that "the life zones, which are correlated with altitude, will be shown in sequence along a sloping floor, the visitor climbing gradually from valley to mountaintop exhibits."

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Lost In the Storm.

"It leads down into the valley!" yelled the guide. "But if you ask me what valley then you've got me. Sure's ever me name is Silas Stump I'm stumped again!"

On they dashed through the storm.

Gus calculated that they must have made a descent of at least a thousand feet before the horses finally checked their speed.

The trail was so steep that it was the greatest wonder in the world they ever got down alive.

Now they found themselves entirely protected from the wind, but the amount of snow which was falling was altogether unusual, and it was impossible to see a foot ahead.

"Shall we try to put up the tent?" cried Gus. "We surely can't go much further on?"

"We shall be buried, tent and all, in half an hour's time!" replied Silas. "We must push on and try to find some shelter under the lee of these rocks if there is such a thing to be had."

It was hard riding. Even here in the valley the snow was deepening.

Still giving the horses their own head, they plodded on for a distance of some three miles, when to Gus' immense relief the dark outlines of a building loomed up ahead amid the falling flakes.

"Hooray!" shouted Gus. "We are getting somewhere at last!"

"And blamed glad of it, you find me," growled the guide. "I couldn't stand the racket much longer, that's a certain thing."

"Have we been going north or south, east or west?" questioned Gus.

"Blamed if I'll ever tell you," answered Silas. "I s'pose you think me a deuce of a guide to get lost at the very start out, but blamed ef I hain't turned around, and just at the present time I don't know no more whar we be nor the man in the moon."

"Good for you, Silas," cried Gus. "That's the way to talk. I admire a man who can say 'I don't know.' Well, there's two of us in this case, so let's push ahead and see if we can find out where we are. It's any port in a storm."

Gus spoke up more cheerfully than he felt.

That was his style.

Gus never grumbled. When he was a little boy he had the reputation of being a splendid fellow to travel around with, for when everybody else was down in the mouth Gus was always "away up in G," as the saying goes.

It was he who rode ahead now, and consequently he was the first to get a full view of the

mysterious structure which they had come upon in the storm.

Briefly described, it was a square log tower about fifty feet high.

There was a door in front, but none in the rear, as they afterwards learned.

On the ground floor there were three windows, and four more every ten feet up to the top.

The lower windows were square, but those above small and round.

Taken altogether it would have been a remarkable structure for any situation, but there in that unknown valley, far up in the Bitter Root range of the Rockies, it was a mystery, and Silas Stump, reining in his broncho, sat in the saddle staring at it with many exclamations of surprise.

"Stumped again, Silas?" demanded Gus.

"That's what I am. Can't think what old place was ever built for. Give 'em the hail, Gus; my jaw is clean friz up. We want to go slow about charging into that shop, or we might find ourselves supping sorrow with a big spoon."

Gus shouted four or five times, but got no answer.

Meanwhile, Silas, guiding his horse around the mysterious structure, discovered a barn.

It was only a small affair, but there was considerable hay and feed in the loft, as it proved.

Gus had already dismounted and was exploring the lower floor of the tower when the guide came around in front to report.

This did not take long, for there was only the one room, and he found the door on the latch.

Here there was a cook stove and plenty of wood piled up in a corner.

There was also a table, several chairs, two bunks against the wall, and a few dishes on the dresser.

The only thing in the way of provisions was a barrel of hickory nuts and part of one barrel of corn meal.

The floor was thickly covered with dust, and from that and other signs Gus judged that the place had not been occupied in a long time.

But it was a great find, for whatever mysterious purpose the tower had been built, here was shelter from the storm.

And Gus and the guide would undoubtedly have perished if Fate had not sent them that way.

For three days and four nights the storm continued with more or less fury.

It was one of the worst blizzards which Idaho had ever experienced, and many lost their lives that first night and during the days which followed.

Gus and the guide had brought along provisions enough to last them two weeks, but for which they must have starved to death in the storm.

The first thing was to make themselves comfortable.

Here Silas Stump came out strong.

He wanted to attend to everything himself, and it was all that Gus could do to get the chance to take his share of the work.

The horses were put in the barn, and a good fire was soon burning in the stove.

Gus was for exploring the upper part of the tower first, but Silas vetoed that, and insisted upon dinner, which he cooked up in fine shape;

after the meal they started in to find out more about the strange structure.

And this promised to be no easy task.

The rafters of the unplastered ceiling were fifteen feet above their heads, and there was no ladder to help them up to the closed trap-door, which could be plainly seen.

"How they ever got up to that hole is what stumps me," drawled Silas, as he bit off another chew of tobacco, and stood staring at the trap.

"Oh, you're always getting stumped," laughed Gus. "It's plain enough."

"As plain as a mountain trail to a blind man. What do you see?"

"Holes in that stud under the trap, reaching all the way up from the floor to the ceiling."

"Sharp! Thar they be, and I never noticed them. Waal?"

"Well, what?"

"What about them holes?"

"They were made for a peg ladder, of course. Some one has pulled the pegs out, and we have got to make new ones and put them in."

"Right. That's easy done. Lucky thing for us there's wood enough. It's a case of whittling, I reckon, and I'm some on that, too."

Both went at it, and the necessary pegs were soon whittled and put in place.

The ascent to the floor above was now an easy matter, and Gus and the guide soon found themselves standing in a room which proved a puzzle to Silas Stump.

"What kind of a point is it?" he drawled. "What's all them bottles for? Never seen such a stove as that afore. By time, yes I hev, too. It's an old-fashioned assay furnace. But who ever would think of doing assaying in a place like this? And then, I don't see no ore."

But an assay furnace it was, and the glass bottles on the long bench gave the place still more of the appearance of an assayer's laboratory.

Once no doubt all of them had contained chemicals, but now they were mostly all empty.

There was a ladder in one corner leading up to another trap-door, and Gus and the guide continued their explorations.

From here on there were ladders communicating with each of the five floors.

Piled up on the floor above the laboratory a quantity of ore was found.

Gus, who knew but little of mining matters, could tell nothing of its value, but Silas declared it was low-grade gold quartz, not worth working.

The floor above contained nothing but dust, and gave no indication of ever having been used for any purpose.

Looking out through the little round window at the top of the tower, Gus found that he could not see three feet away.

"I wonder how long we are in for here?" he asked himself.

It was longer than he imagined. Many days were destined to elapse before any change was to come to Gus and the guide.

Night came on, and the storm was raging more furiously than ever.

It was bad enough here in the valley, but what must it be up on the pass they had left, Gus thought.

That evening Silas sat by the fire, smoked and told tales.

Just before they turned in, which they did at an early hour, Gus, who had been sitting in silence for a long time, suddenly exclaimed:

"Say, Sile, did you ever see a bear in the middle of winter before?"

"What?" said the guide, breaking in upon a long-winded yarn to which Gus had not been paying the least attention.

"Did you ever see a bear in the middle of winter before?"

"Yes, once," replied Silas. "But it was in a cage; belonged to a circus what got stranded at Boise."

"Exactly. Don't bears roll themselves up and go to sleep in caves and hollow trees when winter comes on?"

"That's what they do."

"Then, Silas," said Gus, "that was no bear we saw, but just a man in a bearskin putting up a job to scare us away from the hut where the girl disappeared."

"Gee Whiz!" cried the guide. "I shouldn't wonder! Mebbe it was the gal herself."

And with these remarks the business of that day ended, for soon afterwards both Gus and the guide turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

Gus and the guide had picked out the very worst possible time to make their journey up into the Rocky Mountains.

Having managed to lose themselves in a blizzard at the very start, for nearly two weeks they remained prisoners in the valley, and for one full week they saw nothing of the outside world except in the view to be had from the little round window at the top of that strange log tower.

Next morning when Gus got out of the bunk he found the snow banked up against the windows so that he could not see a thing.

Silas had risen before him, and now engaged in cooking breakfast, and the room was filled with the savory odor of frying ham.

"What's the matter? What makes it so dark?" demanded Gus, only a half awake.

"Snow," replied Silas. "Mountains of it. We can't get out of the door, and the window is all blockaded; ez for the hosses, I expect they are bound to freeze or starve. Mebbe it's just as well. Like enough we shall have to eat them before we get through."

"Is it still snowing?" demanded Gus, trying to pull himself together, for he was sleepy still.

"Blamed if I know. Mebbe you'll take the trouble to climb up to the top of this here steeple and have a look; ez for me, I've got serious work to do."

Gus did the exploring act, and soon came down by the peg, reporting that it was snowing just as hard as ever.

"It's likely it will keep it up the hull week," growled Silas. "Lucky thing we struck this blamed ranch. We'd be dead now only for that, surest thing."

Breakfast over, the question was how to get at the horses.

Silas Stump was not stumped here.

The first thing he did was to go up into the laboratory and try to get some idea of the depth of the snow, which had drifted in around the tower.

(To be continued)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

FROM JAVA TO CALIFORNIA

Station NPG, the United States naval station at San Francisco, has established a new distance record. Signals from PKX, the Dutch Government station at Malabar, on the Island of Java, were received over a distance of 8,200 miles from San Francisco. It is reported by operators at NPG that signals from Malabar are audible enough to be received at San Francisco consistently and that it is possible to establish reliable communication at any time during the day or night.

RADIO RESEARCH

The field of investigation and experimenting in radio is immense. There are a multitude of problems to be solved. Radio engineering is a most fertile field and will continue as such. A really selective receiver, efficient phones and loud speakers, elimination of static, radio vision, radio photography and transmission of moving pictures are destined to come some day, and they afford a wide field of research. There are only a few with a radio engineering degree at the present time.

VARIOUS CONDENSERS

The condensers generally used on present-day receiving sets are of the semi-circular type, that is to say, the rotor plates form a more or less perfect semi-circle. In this type of condenser the capacity is varied in direct ratio to the turning of the dial. This would seem, at first thought, to be correct practice, but upon careful consideration we find that this feature is a decided disadvantage. In tuning in broadcasting stations we tune in direct ratio to the square of the capacity, and as a consequence the low-wave stations are grouped almost inseparably together on the dials of semi-circular type condensers. The full, or semi-straight line condensers, on the other hand, tune similarly to broadcasting, and greatly aid in selective and sharp tuning. Of the two latter types the semi-straight line type is considerably less expensive and gives excellent results.

RADIO AIDS AIR FLIGHT

The recent remarkable flight of the Shenandoah to the Pacific Coast and back is a record for radio. During the entire flight the ship was never once without radio communication with the ground. On several occasions it is reported that radio bearings and locality information furnished to the pilots was of substantial assistance in navigating the ship. Press dispatches were sent off regularly and in large quantity from the ship while she was in flight.

This remarkable record is a technical achievement for the naval radio laboratory at Bellevue, near Washington, D. C. The radio equipment of the Shenandoah was designed at this laboratory and most of it was actually built there. The attachment of efficient transmitters and receivers to aircraft, where the usual procedure of grounding one side of the circuit is impossible, has been always a rather difficult matter. The success of

the Shenandoah's equipment is an indication that this problem has now been solved satisfactorily.

Congratulations must go, also, to the radio officers and equipment of the German-built ZR-3. On the flight across the Atlantic the ship was in continual touch by radio with one or both sides of the Atlantic. This proved a very important matter in the receipt of weather bulletins and storm warnings.

TELEPHONES ON MOVING TRAINS

An article appearing in Germany describes a method of communication from a stationary telephone to a subscriber traveling on a train which was tried on a 275-kilometer stretch of track between Berlin and Hamburg. All previously tried methods required either a very large amount of energy in the sending station or else a high antenna somewhere upon the train. The former was too costly; the latter was impossible owing to the limited overhead room in cuts and tunnels. The tests described were made by the use of high-frequency currents with wave-lengths of between 3,000 meters and 4,000 meters emitted from a station near the main line and carried in a wire alongside the tracks. It is claimed that energies of only 5 watts to 50 watts were required to establish perfect speech transmission.

ONE STEP AMPLIFIER

One of the most convenient units the radio fan can have around his experimental table is a one step amplifier. Requiring only a few parts it is easily constructed and finds many uses in conjunction with radio receivers. You need a small composition panel five inches wide and seven high, screwed to the edge of a wooden baseboard five inches square. A filament rheostat, which should be of thirty ohms resistance for the UV201A and UV199, or six ohm for the WD11 or 12, is mounted along the center line of the panel. The tube socket can be either of the panel or flat mounting type. If a dry cell bulb is to be employed it should be equipped with some kind of a shock absorbing sub-mounting, as these tubes are very susceptible to jars.

The amplifying transformer is screwed to the baseboard behind the socket. It should be so placed as to insure the shortest connections between the respective binding posts. The position can be decided upon after a study of the hookup.

Eight binding posts for connections are mounted on the face of the panel. Two are put along the upper left-hand edge. These (the "input" posts) go directly to the primary posts on the amplifying transformer. The other six are lined up along the right-hand side. The top two are the "output" posts. To these can be connected the phones or the loud speaker. The other four are for the batteries.

Two of these units placed alongside of each other with corresponding binding posts will make a two stage amplifier as good as any on the market. They can be connected to any set in which there are no audio amplifiers at present.

GOOD READING

APES HELP SCIENCE

Monkeys and apes are being raised on a farm in French Guinea by the Pasteur Institute for experimental purposes in studying measles, typhus, yellow fever and other diseases that cannot be transmitted to rabbits and guinea pigs, commonly used in such testes. Chimpanzees are also kept at the farm, as they are considered the most suitable of all the animal "relatives to the human race" for the studies and also afford material for experiments in psychology. A director is in charge of the laboratory and special buildings have been erected for taking care of the patients while they are given inoculations and treatments.

UNDERSEA CITY

Submerged 30 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Tunis, the ruins of an ancient city have been found by divers. They report that many large stone buildings were visible, outlined in dim shadows and sandy bottom, and that fish swam in and out of crumbled doorways. Scientists are preparing to make further explorations. Additional interest is added to the discovery as the city lies in waters described by Virgil and near the "Isle of the Lotus Eaters" of which Homer sang.

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHPLACE

There is no other great saint in the Catholic hagiography about whom so much uncertainty exists. It is not even known whether March 17 is the date of his death or of his birth, though it is sometimes said to be both. The year and the place of his nativity are matters of dispute. Indeed, so many conflicting legends have been woven into his story that it is now generally assumed there were two or more St. Patricks who have been rolled into one.

According to the best authorities this Patrick was born about A. D. 386 in the village of Nempthur, just outside of Glastonbury, England. His father was a decurion, or town councillor. The favorite legend, however, makes him a native of Tours, in France, and a nephew of St. Martin. From the Confession itself we learn that in his sixteenth year he was carried away by pirates and taken to the north of Ireland, where he was sold as a slave.

DEATH CLAIMS WOMAN OF OLD GOLD FRONTIERS

The career of a woman of rough and ready gold prospectors from Arizona to Alaska ended to-day when the body of Miss Nellie Cashman was buried in Victoria, B. C.

Friends recalled the days of 1877 when Miss Cashman came to Arizona. In the early eighties she "grubstaked" several of the State's present millionaires on the gamble they would find a "strike" in the Tombstone gold field. Later she used the money they returned to finance a trip to Alaska where she "mushed" into the interior, again seeking gold.

One of the first women to enter the frozen, uncharted fields of Alaska, she served as nurse

in mining camps, at the same time prospecting and staking claims.

Only last year, when she was seventy, the "champion woman musher of the world" mushed from Koyukik to Seward, Alaska, a 750-mile snow trail.

"TERRIBLE TURK" DIES FIGHTING 7 OFFICERS

Sammie Shane, "Terrible Turk of Southeast Missouri," kept his oft-repeated pledge to officers that he "would die fighting," when on February 10 he was shot to death by Pemiscot County officers at Hayti, ten miles from Steele, Mo., after a gun fight of an hour and a quarter, when he held seven officers at bay with a machine gun, two automatic pistols and a bayonet.

Shane, who is a real Turk, was shot down only after he had twice refused requests to surrender and had already been wounded, when he made a break from his barricaded house in an effort to escape. At the attempt to break through the barricade, Shane was shot several times in the back.

Shane ran back into the house and resumed firing at the officers, sending his machine-gun bullets through the wall at them. After the officers threatened to burn the house the "Turk" suddenly dashed out the back door, and in the running fight he was brought down about 200 yards from the house.

For several years Shane had lived in open defiance of the law in this section and thwarted all efforts to capture him. He went about the streets with two pistols strapped on him, often carrying his machine gun and wearing a steel jacket of woven wire which buckled across the shoulders and protected his body down to the hips. He never molested any one as long as he was allowed "to be his own law."

Two weeks ago he escaped from Sheriff J. H. Smith and deputies after Sheriff Smith had fired two shots at him, which were turned by the steel jacket.

In June, 1923, Shane was tried in St. Louis for the murder of his cousin, Seid Alla, and his cousin's wife. He was convicted, but sentenced to the St. Louis Hospital for the insane. He escaped, but was recaptured at Caruthersville and returned to St. Louis. He escaped again, the last time in June, 1924, disguised as a Catholic priest.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1925

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FROM ALL POINTS

ANDY JACKSON'S LOCK

One of the latest relics received by the Tennessee State Museum is an old-fashioned wooden lock from one of the doors of the first house occupied by Andrew Jackson when he came to Tennessee.

LISTENING TO WORMS

By connecting an ordinary wireless headphone and an unusually strong microphone to an apple, a South American scientist has been able to detect the sounds worms made in gnawing at the fruit and in biting the leaves and twigs, says *Popular Mechanics*. Another experiment enabled him to detect the presence of weevils in corn in the same way. It is expected that this will be the basis of a practical means of determining the condition of various crops.

TIDES FORETELL QUAKES

With the discovery that the tides are definitely affected by earthquakes, says *Popular Mechanics*, scientists declare that close study of abnormal rises and falls may enable them to predict the occurrence of tremors in time to warn people to seek safety before disaster overtakes them. Observers at a weather bureau near Tokio tested the theory when it was noticed that the tide had been rising the day of a quake, when it had passed the danger point. The morning after the water had receded four feet below the former mark. Three months before the great Japanese earthquake disaster of Sept. 1, 1923, it was later recalled the tide had also risen to the danger point.

MOUNTAIN OF ALUM IN MEXICO

Covering an area of two square miles, and rising to a height of 900 feet, Alum Mountain, in southwestern Mexico, near the headwaters of the Gila River, contains not only an inexhaustible supply of alum but vast quantities of the ore from which metal aluminum is extracted.

Viewed from a point a mile or so distant, the great pile presents a curious appearance. It is streaked and mottled by veins and pockets of rock that vary in color from snow-white to vermilion red.

From these deposits nature itself has already performed more than three-fourths of the task of extracting the metal, the decomposition of the rock—the most laborious and most expensive step in the process—having been effected by the action of sulphuric fumes rising from subterranean depths through narrow fissure. While not as quick as blasting, if you set out to disintegrate the mountain, these sulphuric fumes are surer and do not injure the valuable deposits.

Recent explorations of Alum Mountain have disclosed the fact that another important potential resource awaits man's recovery of it. Sulphuric acid is found in the ancient crater, though in what quantities the reports do not state.

Gold also was found. But the value of the deposits rests on the vast quantities of alum and alumina they contain.

In a near-by canyon, itself known as Alum Canyon, and in smaller tributary canyons, similar ore was found in quantities—enough alumina, in short, to supply the world's demands for years to come.

LAUGHS

"Do you believe that there is a higher power?"
"My dear sir, I married her."

"Gladys Bogley was married this morning."
"Who's the happy man?" "Her father!"

"What did Rastus git married for?" "Lawd only knows, chile. He keeps right on workin'."

"What would you say if a girl called you her little chimpanzee?" "I would say she was trying to make a monkey of me."

"Did you ever see a company of women perfectly silent?" "Yes, one. Some one had asked which of those present was the eldest."

"How long have they been married?" "About five years." "Did she make him a good wife?" "No; but she made him an awfully good husband."

"Pa, why do people call the owl the bird of wisdom?" "Because he's got sense enough not to come out and fly around until all boys of your age are in bed."

Mrs. Dearborn—That man who nearly ran over me with his automobile was one of my divorced husbands. Mrs. Wabash—Did you get his number? Mrs. Dearborn—Sure; he was No. 3.

"Miss Ethel," said Chollie Staylate, "if I should tell you I was going away to-morrow, would you feel sorry?" "To-morrow," she answered, glancing at the clock. "Yes, I should feel sorry—I thought you might go away to-night."

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sunday morning, said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about, and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

HERE AND THERE

STEEL TEETH

Teeth made from enameled steel have been added to the products of the Krupp plants at Essen. The metal is from the same mixture formerly used in making German cannon. Eight dentists have been employed in the department at the start, and Krupps hope to expand it later.

BONES OF SEVEN-FOOTER UNEARTHED IN FLORIDA

Discovery of a skull, one-fourth larger than that of the normal modern, together with bones indicating a probable height of not less than 7 feet led to speculation over theories of a giant race believed once to have inhabited Florida.

The portions of the skeleton were found by workmen grading a road near the Charlotte and Lee County lines. The bones are believed to be those of a male.

The specimens are to be shipped to the Smithsonian Institution.

DIVINING ROD BAFFLED

The peach tree "divining rod," which "dipped" in Eighth street, Lynchburg, Va., and seemed to show the People's National Bank officials the source of the stream which flows through the basement of that building failed, for a hole 13 feet deep was sunk into the street without finding water before it was decided to abandon the water search.

The water still flows on at the rate of a gallon a minute, and bank officers would go to almost any limit to find the cause of the trouble and a way to keep the water out.

FEEL COLORS IN THE DARK

We have not five senses, but twenty-five, including six senses of touch alone. Moreover, it is possible to develop the senses to a point where we can feel colors in the dark.

Dr. James J. Walsh, psychologist, makes these statements in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

"Have you ever taken your watch from your pocket, glanced at it, and then, a few seconds later found yourself unable to tell another person the time?" he asks. "Do you know the color of the eyes of the person who sits beside you in your office or stands next to you in your shop? Can you tell with what words the Government marks the value of a twenty-five-cent piece, or on which side of the coin they appear?"

These, he says, are the tests of the use you make of your senses, which he calls the "gateways of knowledge."

"Ninety-nine men in a hundred," writes Doctor Walsh, "feeling a piece of cloth and receiving just as many touch impressions from its temperature, texture, roughness, or smoothness as a textile expert, would pay no attention to these impressions."

"Those 99 men would remain in the crowded ranks of poorly paid routine workers, while the hundredth man became a highly paid specialist."

"I might multiply examples of the sort without number—ordinary persons who excel their

fellows by no natural equipment of talent, but who have acquired a high degree of useful skill simply through practice and the use of their senses. Touch, eyesight, and hearing probably are the senses most generally employed in the more familiar forms of human endeavor. These can be trained only by concentration."

MAKING A TELEPHONE BOOK

New York's telephone directory represents the biggest publishing job of its kind in the world, it is said. For about thirty days before an issue appears, one of the largest printing plants in the country is kept going at full tilt, pressed by the necessity of producing at least 50,000 finished books a day. And more than 100 men and women toil the year around preparing copy for the semi-annual editions.

The city's first telephone directory, in 1879, consisted of a medium-sized card, containing 252 names. Forty-five years later more than 3,000 times that number of subscribers were listed for Greater New York. The 1924 spring edition weighed five pounds, a book of almost 2,000 pages. These books placed end to end would have reached from the White House in Washington to Times Square, New York City. In their making huge press machinery ate up 3,600 tons of text paper—enough to keep a paper-making machine busy continuously for a year—148,000 pounds of printing ink, 64,000 pounds of glue and 51,000 yards of cheese-cloth.

The original directory grew rapidly from a card to an almanac, then to a catalogue. It became so bulky that for a decade efforts have been concentrated on compression. As the books grew thicker, the paper grew thinner. Then the type was attacked. Experiments and speed tests extended even into the field of applied psychology, to hit upon the precise type combination that would save space without loss of legibility. Even so, the size of the volume could not be kept down; hence the recent two-volume set for Greater New York, with subscribers totalling close to a million.

The copy page of a new directory bears on one side a column of names and numbers as they appear in the latest issue. On the blank side of the sheet slips bearing new orders or alterations are pasted in, with lines drawn to indicate their exact alphabetical positions on the new listing. One by one these items come in until closing time and must be put in their proper places; but ere the issue is ready for printing these new entries pile up into the hundreds of thousands, approximating one-third of all the listings in the book. Thus, when the 1924 Spring edition appeared, there was included in the old directory a new mass of material equal in bulk to the entire telephone directory of a city the size of Dayton, Ohio.

Even when all entries have been made and checked, care must be used to see that no subscriber is omitted. In the press-room each thin metal slug, bearing on its edges the name of one person in the book, must be watched to see that it does not slip out of place, and proof must go through much checking.

N. Y. Times

POINTS OF INTEREST

TRAPEZEE EAGLE

Ernest Apple, of Ellettsville, Ind., captured a bald eagle measuring a little over 5 feet from wing to wing tip. The eagle had a steel trap swinging from one foot and had become entangled in a growth of greenbrier, making its capture easy.

DOUGHNUTS TO THE CONVICTS

Bearing good cheer and doughnuts to convicts in penitentiaries from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast a gospel car left Philadelphia with a party of welfare workers, some of whom helped brighten dark days for the soldiers in the trenches in France. On the front of the car was a brass plate with the inscription: "In the Service of the King."

The automobile tour was planned by some of the workers following a visit to a convict camp, where they made doughnuts for the men and talked and prayed with them. The prisoners seemed so cheered by the unexpected visit that it was decided to spread the work to every prison to which admission could be gained.

With 35 cents as capital the workers set out. Their doughnut making, with doughnut cutters made from captured German shells, and the appeal of their idea soon brought aid to them, and recently they were presented with a large automobile, fully equipped, in which to make their journey. The first five gallons of gasoline also was presented. With this as a basis the party planned to dedicate the car at special service, before leaving on their trip, with Seattle, Wash., as the ultimate destination.

Letters have been sent out in advance to the governors of various states asking that the workers be permitted to the state prisons, while a permit has been obtained admitting them to all federal prisons.

DEADLIEST WAR GAS

It is an interesting fact that the deadliest chemical for use in military operations was discovered by the Allies, though it was not ready for employment in the field when the armistice was signed. Of this substance details are given for the first time in a popular work by General Amos De Fries and Major G. J. West, both of the United States Army, in their admirable book, "Chemical Warfare," published by McGraw-Hill, London, England, which contains an exhaustive account of the whole history of gas warfare.

The chemical in question was called Lewisite, after Captain Lewis, of the American Army, its discoverer. Its technical name is "chlorovinylidichloroarsine," and it is a faintly yellow liquid, mustard gas.

Not only is a vesicant (cause of burns) of about the same order as mustard gas, but the arsenic penetrates the skin of an animal, and three drops placed on the abdomen of a mouse are sufficient to kill within two or three hours. It is also a powerful respiratory irritant and causes violent sneezing. Its possible use in aeroplane bombs has led General De Fries to apply the term "The Dew of Death" to its use in this way.

The secret was communicated to the British chemical service, and "unfortunately," as the writer of this book states, it was released by them to the world, thereby making hostile powers a valuable present.

The new poison gases have many peace applications. Cyanogen bromide is useful in storehouses and is safe to use. Chloracetophenone would be valuable to the police, as it produces no permanent injury but causes "smarting and very profuse tears." With it, say the authors, "huge crowds can be set to weeping instantly, so that no man can see and no mob will continue once it has been blinded with irritating tears."

Diphenylaminechlorarsine, which causes violent vomiting but not death, could be used for the protection of safes and strong rooms.

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OUR EARLY COMMON SCHOOLS

It is probable that the beginning of the American common school was in Massachusetts, although records show that there was a school in New Amsterdam, established by the Dutch as early as 1633. In 1635 the people of Boston assembled in town meeting, requested Philemon Purmont to become school-master and voted him 30 acres of land in part payment for his services. The school began by Purmont later became the Boston Latin school and has been in continuous existence to the present time. Other counties followed Boston's example and within a few years common schools were established in nearly all the settlements. In 1647 the general court of Massachusetts Bay Colony ordered every town of 50 families to establish an elementary school, and to appoint a teacher whose wages were paid by the parents of the pupils he taught, or by the inhabitants in general. At the same time towns of 100 families were to establish a Latin school to prepare children for college. The law establishing these two grades of schools laid that foundation of the public school system of the U. S.

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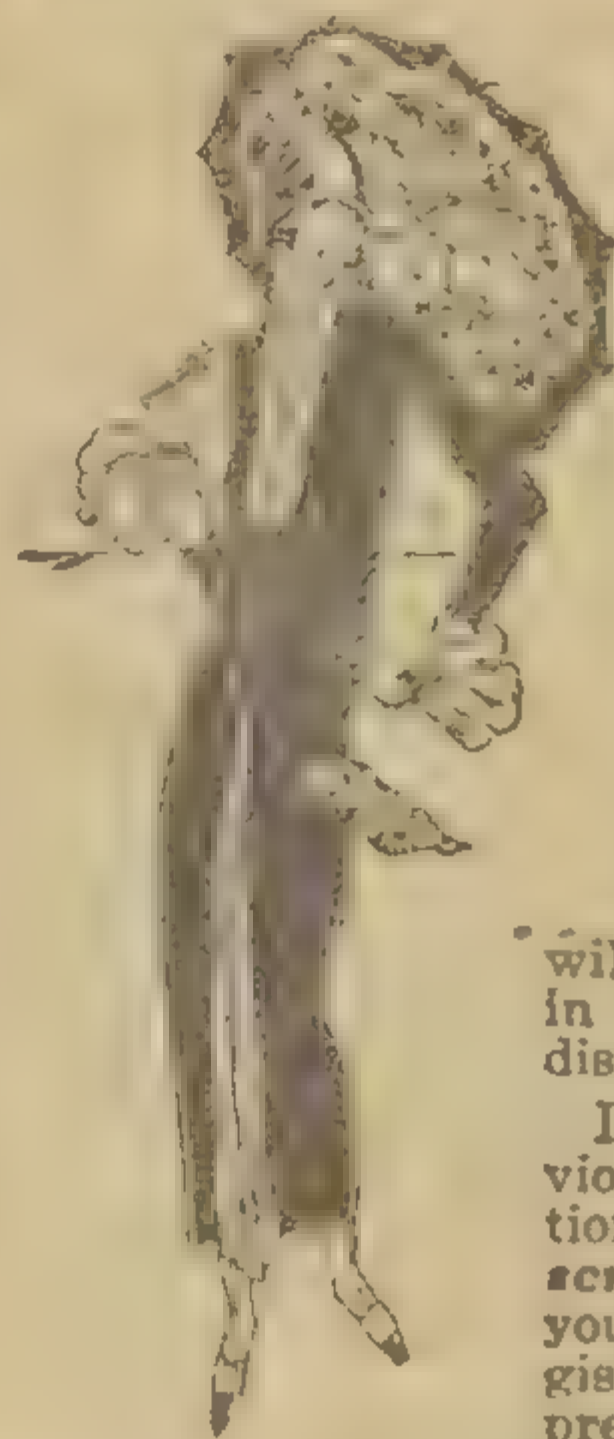
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Who had committed the murder?

Read the rest of the story on page 15 of our new Finger Print book. Find out how the murderers were traced, tried and convicted, and how a certain finger print expert solved five murder mysteries and secured 97 convictions in less than a year.

Find out how you can become a Finger Print Expert.

Thirteen Thrilling Stories of Mystery and Achievement

Thirteen stories of crime, daring robberies, mysterious murders, thrilling escapes. You'll enjoy "Snowflakes," a great dope story—"The Invisible Finger Print," a blackmail mystery.

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PARTIAL LIST

Graduates U. of A. S.
Recently appointed
Finger Print Ex-
perts of these
States, Cities and
Institutions:

State of Iowa
State of Idaho
State of Colorado
St. Paul, Minn.
Columbus, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Great Falls, Mont.
Idaho Falls, Idaho
East Lansing, Mich.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Lorain County, Ohio
El Paso, Texas
Galveston, Texas
Houston, Texas
Lincoln, Nebr.
Everett, Wash.
Ogden, Utah
Butte, Mont.
Pueblo, Colo.
Albany County Peniten-
tial, N. Y. (Jail)
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Livingston, Mont.
Alhambra, Calif.
Tulsa, Okla.
Havana, Cuba

Finger Print Experts Needed!

More and more the detection of crime resolves itself into a problem of identification. Trained men are needed every month to fill the new positions that are created. Records show that University of Applied Science graduates get first choice at the big positions. Listed below are some of the city and state bureaus to which U. of A. S. men have been appointed.

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University of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 10-92 Chicago, Ill.

University of Applied Science, Dept. 10-92
1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free your 32-page illustrated book "Finger Prints." I understand that there is absolutely no obligation. Also tell me how I can become a finger print expert by studying a few months in spare time—and how I can get a professional finger print outfit free.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ALASKA DEER FACE FAMINE

As a result of the unusually heavy fall of snow and unprecedented cold weather, wild life in Alaska is seriously threatened and fear is expressed by officials here that unless relief soon is afforded thousand of deer will starve to death. The situation is set forth in a telegram received by D. E. W. Nelson, chief of the Biological Survey, from H. C. Devighne, President of the Juneau Chamber of Commerce.

This telegram says that wild deer have been driven down to the beaches and are existing on kelp, which is insufficient food and consequently are dying by hundreds.

"Quick action and a nominal appropriation by your department will save extermination of these valuable animals," the message says.

Officials of the Biological Survey said tonight that at present no Federal money is legally available to meet the emergency. They are hopeful that it will be met by private subscription. They announce that the American Humane Society of Albany already had promised to contribute \$250 of the \$2,000 needed.

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